ORANGE TREE.

Havana states that a young man finds a discovery of a specific, a short time destroys the insect to make the orange plantations as those of Florida have been, who lives at No. 50 *calle del carrier of Hacom*, offers to all apply to him the use of his re following limitation: He pro a certain number of trees, from red, without demanding any re year, a time completely suffi he health of the fruit. The re ms are made known on applica discovery will be of immense ba, as during the last few years ronos of that island have almost ad would certainly triple in value rida, which would, but for the ow the great orange producing orld. Unless we are mistaken a been offered in Florida for the acticable means of exterminating

SERVING EGGS.

—In answer to "W. H. P.," I your eggs in wheat bran, so that me in contact with each other or h contains them, and when you er well with bran and set them n your cellar, and your eggs will ckely for eight months or a year. e good eggs from bad, put them good ones will sink; if any rise rge end uppermost, you can safely egg." HEBE.

that pine saw-dust would be pre at bran for packing; there would er of fermentation and consequent

ation Cultivator.

ON CATTLE.—Those farmers who ice of topping their corn will find letting milking cows have a good er are green. Fall-feed is rather ow, but if the snow holds off till ill all he wanted by neat stock. t a good supply of the tops now, I hold out better and as much hay s this way as by drying the stalks n into the barn.

e cattle eat the butts clean, and so , but when they are dry not one The juices are gone and cattle care ything but the leaves. By throw ows as soon as they are cut, the drying and tying and picking and d.

complain that when they throw heir cows in pasture they are un ything else, and hang around the he tops are thrown, waiting to

may always be avoided by having feeding. Let the stalks be strewn stain place in the pasture early in nd let the cows see nothing more of the day. Then they will go off and e usual, not expecting anything else

to save the fall feed in a good con to the fall, than it is to save the endition to increase the milk of the

ON CORN.—As the grain thresh ed, by hand, it should be carefully re e to caution those who have the hing machines to be careful in the Not a season passes over, in which bled upon to record some painful ac reckessness with which they so

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
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Original Poetry.

A ROMISH
LEGEND OF ST. PETER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. S. SMITH.

Wherever journeyth through Imperial Rome
By sunny a slumber spire and massive dome,
Will find outside of St. Sebastian's gate
A little church, time-worn and desolate,
Of antique form and mould; yet still entire,
Still sounds the organ, and the tuneful choir
Meet to commemorate in solemn strains
A legend of the past. Time's dusky stains
Have somewhat marr'd the picture of the scene
The legend doth enfold. It once had been
A splendid painting by Heaven's wrought,
That glorious artist, whose creative thought
Glows on the canvass, or the marble gleams—
A breathing image, so like life it seems.

The scene describes a winding path and lawn,
Over which St. Peter him by stealth at dawn,
Near the great highway, leading from the gate
Of the proud seven-hill'd city. A crowd then
Awaits him beside her walls. 'Twas at the time
When Rome was filled with murder, blood and crime
When thirst for human gore had reached its height.
Peter alarmed, had plann'd a hasty flight:
So saith the legend—as e'er he drew
Into the highway, straight before his view
A beaming figure passed him as he fled,
With rays of glory circling round its head.

And Peter knew his Lord, and straight way cried,
"Master, where goest Thou?" And the Lord replied,
"Mine ear hath heard My people's dying plaints;
I go to Rome—to preach with My saints!"
The keen rebuke these simple words imply
Admonished Peter; who darted out deep
Upon his blessed Lord! Smit he retraced
His way to meet the martyr-crown that great man; He
His bodily spake of Jesus! They drew near;
And Peter, bound, went with them without fear!
With his head downward nailed unto the tree,
Peter expired in agony to be,
To die like Christ, too great a dignity.

* Dennis died at Rome, at the age of 80 years, having won for himself great wealth and honor. Like Michael Angelo, he was at once sculptor, painter and architect, and his contemporaries placed him upon the same mountain of that great name. He was patronized by Pope Urban VIII., Alexander VII., Innocent X., and was invited to France by Lewis XIV. Rome still exhibits many of his works, both in sculpture and architecture.

Rochester, Madison County, New York.

SABBATH BELLS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Sabbath Bells! The Sabbath Bells!
How they ring through the air,
And every pulse responsive swells
In fervent, heartfelt prayer
To Him who set this day apart,
Made it a blessing to the heart—
From early dawn, Thine, Lord, to be
In hallowed converse spent with Thee.

Oh Sabbath Bell! again it peals
Upon my listening ear;
In sun or cloudy vervals
That worshipers draw near,
Within Thy house, oh, Lord, to raise
One loud thanksgiving song of praise—
Thou on hast said Thine hand,
My step is stayed at Thy command.

Sweet Sabbath Bell! I love the sound
There's music in the sound;
It kindle the nothingness of time,
In which never peace is found.
It breathes, that he may be forgiven,
Repentance wing the soul to Heaven,
Affection fan the chastening rod
To draw the sufferer near to God!

REAM

Original Novelet.

THE
DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Fond jealousy! thou turnest love divine
To phrensy, and makest the loving heart
With anxious thoughts to languish and to pine
And feed itself with self-consuming smart
Of all the passions of the soul thou art worst."
Spenser's Fairy Queen.

From a strong reluctance to take you into the deep caves of the soul, where evil is forged, I have paused with my pen for hours. One can scarcely descend into the deep hell of passion and guilt without becoming saturated with the brimstone scorched in the flames. As we enter the mystery of iniquity let us invoke the angels to guard us.

* * * * * * *

There is no meaner passion than jealousy. Exclusive, concentrated, intense love does not always and necessarily include jealousy, and very ill does that base emotion accord with the high spirit, dashing pride—the pride of strength that distinguished Hagar. Yet, tender, have you never seen a fine man or woman with one physical deformity, jealously? and have you never been told that such a blemish on God's perfect work was the effect of injury sustained in infancy. I have seen a man—a Hercules in strength, an Apollo in beauty and grace—*crippled*—from an injury sustained in infancy through the thoughtlessness of parents. I have seen a woman beautiful as Venus, graceful as Euphrosyne—*blind*—from an injury sustained in infancy through the carelessness of nurses. How ill the shrunk and halting limb accorded with the handsome and manly figure; how ill the extinguished eye harmonized with the beautiful face. These misfortunes were not the faults of the sufferers, yet the effect of these wounds were felt through life, their scars were carried to the grave.

And, methinks, these are mental and moral deformities, infirmities—*the effects of injuries sustained in infancy*: more baleful than any physical calamity can be, for they are the cause not only of much sorrow and suffering—as physical ills may be—but of much sin, as moral and mental wounds and scars may be, whose fatal influence pursues through life and even beyond the grave!—Thus a spark of jealousy is dropped into an infant's heart, it smoulders through long years, and finally bursts out into a destructive flame in the woman's bosom.

A little, dark, wild, shy child, whose peculiar organization demanded that her shyness should be conquered by kindness, her wildness tamed by gentleness, her self-distrust reassured by confidence in despairing and neglected, while her more beautiful companions and playmates, whose extreme tenderness and sensibility required the bracing process of a sterner training is flattered and caressed; until wounded by the loss of love, the slighted child grows doubtful of herself, distrustful of others, and jealous of her more attractive rival, hard, proud and defiant to all she did not love, suspicious and exacting towards the only one she adored; and the favored child, contrasted by indulgence, grows more and more dependent on the love of those about her, more and more incapable of resisting any temptation that appeals to her through her affections; and these evils have grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of the children, of the girls, of the women. Alas! who can see the end of the interminable evil resulting from one small mistake in education; and from what wanton carelessness, even in well meaning parents and teachers, these mistakes are made; and sometimes how intentionally and in what good faith they are committed. Heaven knows there would seem to be enough to do to eradicate *hereditary* evil, the roots of sin indigenous in the hearts of children, without laboring to sow there the seeds of errors foreign to the soil. The low vice of jealousy was foreign to the high temperament of our Hagar; yet how it had been planted, sank, trodden deep, and stamped into the bottom of her heart. The mean vices of indolence, selfishness and vanity were not native to the pure soil of our Rosalin's bosom, yet how assiduously they had been cultivated there.

Rosalin, the petted favorite, whose soft nature, while it pleaded for indulgence, really needed the hardening process of a strict training. Rosalin, still further enfeebled by fondness, has grown softer and weaker year by year; softer and weaker, until from very tenderness she is rendered incapable of resisting the solicitations of any evil that may tempt her through her sympathies. Rosalin has grown up gentle, tender, lovely, but vain, infirm and unprincipled. Hagar, whose wild and shy temper needed to be wooed and won, and ameliorated by tenderness—Hagar still farther repelled, hardened, and alienated by neglect, harshness and caprice—Hagar is still high spirited and faithful, but inclined to entertain envy, suspicion and jealousy; foul blots on a fine character.

Her jealousy of Rosalin was especially natural and logical—I had nearly said inevitable—not only from the fascinating beauty of her rival from infancy up to womanhood, but from the very character of her one affection.

Rosalin, then, the beauty, the pet, and the rival is domesticated with Hagar, the jealous and the slighted girl—and with Raymond, the poetic and the artistic epicure—Rosalin equally fascinating in her extreme beauty, in her artless grace, and in the affectionate tenderness of her manner and her tone, soon won the warm friendship of Raymond Withers as she had won the affection of every man, woman, child and beast that fell in her way. She would have been a delightful addition to the circle at the Rialto, a delightful fireside companion in the autumn evenings, could Hagar have rid herself of the vulture of jealousy gnawing in the bottom of her heart. Yet do not mistake Hagar, do not think more meanly of her than she deserves—she was not *generally*, but only *particularly* envious of Rosalin; thus, had they both been in general society together, Hagar could have sympathized with, could have rejoiced in the highest success of her fair cousin, could have been contented to be eclipsed by, to be lost under the glory of Rosalin's charms and conquests; but here in her own domestic circle, here where she had "garnered up her heart," she could brook no intrusion, no partnership, no rival; and as in this boundless universe, there was but one, there never had been but one whom her whole soul worshipped—God—on this wide earth there was but one, there had never been but one whom her whole heart adored—her *kinsman*. This was Hagar's religion and her idolatry. In almost every respect she was an opposite to Rosalin in mind and heart as she was in person and appearance. Rosalin with a generous generosity, radiating from her heart as the beams from the sun, knew no exclusive affection, was "innocent of the knowledge" of any particular love. Hagar's soul nearly destitute of general benevolence was absorbed in one intense passion. Had a city been swallowed by an earthquake, overflowed by the boiling lava thrown from the crater of a burning volcano, carried away by the inundations of the sea, reduced to ashes by a general conflagration; had a nation been exterminated by war, pestilence or famine, the news would have impressed Hagar very slightly. But! had the lightest sabre cut but marked the fair and regal brow of her loved one, her very heart would have dropped blood. Yet much as she feared his *happiness* she dreaded his *affections* more! she could have borne his death better than the *loss of his love*! she wished to be all in all to the man who was every thing to her. Her jealousy was doubtful as her love was extravagant. Her hair, his broad and high white forehead, in its superb amplitude and repose, expressed more majesty than the wild expanse of heaven dwelling on her, his soft and deep blue eyes revealed more spiritual life than the purest dreams of her own soul—for her every expression of the face, every gesture of the figure, every tone of the voice revealed more poetry, religion, love! than the whole universe beside. Often when he would be writing or reading, or in any other manner occupied in the proper exercise of his intellect, he would sit in the corner of the sofa, and veiling the splendid fire of her eyes under their long lashes, gaze upon his form or face, watching its varying expression with all the enthusiasm of an artist, with all the veneration of a poet, with all the adoration of a devotee, with all the love of a woman, a silent and unnoticed but enraptured worshipper! At such times, carried away, she would not think of herself at all—at other times a painful feeling of jealousy of self-deficiency would torture her. All wise, who worship, think more or less humbly of themselves—this feeling is often morbid in excess or irritability, and often itself engenders jealousy. In Hagar this was natural—she was so in her own estimation a little so handsome or *uncomplished* as Raymond, and in the same proportion that she adored his perfections she depreciated her own attractions. For him she desired to possess all the gifts of beauty and genius, that she might meet and supply the wants of his heart in every avenue, that she might be the whole world to him, as he undoubtedly was the whole universe to her. To her every face looked mean, expressionless, or sensual, compared to his glorious countenance, in which every passion, indign or benign, became godlike! to her every tone was harsh and rough, or flat and dull, compared to his love tuned voice—he was her music, her poetry, her love, her religion, her life, soul, and final destiny—her spirit sought unseen with his spirit, ardently, impetuously; she knew in Heaven, their enlarged souls would blend in one—in Heaven they would be *one angel*. Call this morbid, call this extravagant, reader, yet acknowledge that it was no *sudden* passion, that this intense love of one ardent soul had been growing from the moment that the little yet youth had lifted the little, ugly infant to his knee, and thenceforth become her adoration, her idol, her dream of Heaven. This passion had increased with years, every circumstance had only served to augment it, associations and absence meeting and parting, until their marriage, and then all the requirements of his regal will, all the sacrifices of her own wishes, all the struggles of her independence before it was subdued, all the death throes of her mighty pride before it was annihilated, served but to draw tighter, to rivet faster the chains that bound her heart to his: her separate soul, will, individuality of which she had boasted in her haughtiness, fled to him, cleaved to him, seemed blissfully, divinely lost in him—in Heaven they would be one angel, that was her love, hope, faith, religion, her conception of Heaven. Call it insanity, reader! many minds that pass for sane have in a greater or a less degree their insanity, in other words their master passion, or their besetting sin, or both in one.

Her conjugal love was her master passion—jealousy her besetting sin—and her jealousy was morbid as her love was extravagant. In losing her very soul in his heart, she wished in exchange the heart to the exclusion of every other object. I repeat it here, she wished to be everything to the being who was everything to her—she wished for matchless beauty, peerless genius, not that she might be generally admired, but that she might meet and supply every demand of his soul. But now! but now! here was one more richly and rarely endowed by nature with the power of pleasing than herself—one who charmed all the world, and who must she fancied chasten her world, her universe away from her life. She wished to be—oh! not from vanity, but from love, to please her poet mind—she wished to be the fairest in her husband's sight—but here was one, fairer, oh! how much fairer than herself—she wished to be the most graceful, yet here was one whose every movement was the very "poetry of motion"—she wished that her voice in household cadences, or in song, might fall the sweetest on his ears—yet here was one, whose artless tones were melodious as the fall of waters or the notes of birds.

Their evenings!

Rosalin would sit at the piano singing the low, sweet melodies he loved, while he stood at the back of her chair, turning over the music, bending above her, smiling benignly on her, forgetful of everything but of her and her song, sometimes joining his voice to hers—and oh! how often at the end of a song, she would turn around and give him a soft, beaming smile of affectionate pleasure, when she felt that she had pleased him. How little the innocent girl dreamed of the mischief she was doing—how indeed should she have suspected it! Had she not played and sung for Captain Wilde every evening on the Rainbow, and had she not always been rewarded by smiles, praises, caresses and kisses, from Sophie and from Captain Wilde, too? No, she did not guess the evil she was causing—she did not guess it even when she saw, evening after evening, that Hagar withdrew herself from the instrument and buried herself in a distant, deep arm-chair, or left the room. There *was one* who observed and defied her displeasure—Raymond, who occasionally raising himself from his recumbent position over Rosalin's chair, would turn, and darting his eyes fiercely into the dark obscurity of Hagar's retreat, and fixing them sternly upon her, would bring her by a look back to his side, sighing, trembling, dejected—then smiling sweetly on her, and passing his arm around her little waist would hold her there, and look supremely blessed while thus caressing *her* and listening to Rosalin's music.

Alas! that Hagar was not wise! Alas! for the mental cripple, for the moral blind, for the injury received in infancy, for the faith crushed soul! Hagar was not wise, did not understand—she continued whenever she was permitted solitude to indulge in the same fatal error. Tell me, reader, the time, a couple, and oh! fatal sign, at last she was more and more frequently *allowed* to absent herself. Hagar was insane—yes, reader, in recalling the circumstances of this period of her life, in trying to understand them, I am constrained to say that Hagar was insane, not to have seen that *her* presence, *her* sympathy, together with Rosalin's perfect innocence and artlessness, would have been the immediate antidote to any poison that might have crept into the mutual love of these two—the antidote! it would have prevented the most distant approach of an evil thought.

Jealousy seldom or never prevents, frequently suggests and causes the very infidelity it dreams. Not a being, not a thing is stationary, it must decrease or decrease. Hagar's disease was growing. At first she had only been jealous of his admiration, of his affection—*now* she was growing doubtful of his faith. Now, because wearied out by her sullenness, indignant at her unjust suspicions, even, she should have thought, with change, pleasures and gratification of the tastes that excited her envy, he permitted her to withdraw from his side and isolate herself in a distant corner. As yet Rosalin's bosom was at perfect peace—the night of the bridal was the last thought, the thought now ever gnawing at Hagar's heart, ever by her insane jealousy *kept before Raymond's mind*, had not darkened its brightness, had not breathed on its purity. Will the evil retrograde, or will it advance until it shall overwhelm the peace of Hagar, and sacrifice the cherished the envy, the jealousy, was yet too proud to breathe it to her rival; besides, it was Raymond upon whom her doubts fastened, not as yet upon Rosalin. The perfect simplicity, the modestly frankness, the child-like affection of Rosalin, was too apparent and transparent to expose her to doubt or suspicion.

Reader, how I loathe this part of my work! this analization of an evil passion is as detestable a task as I should judge the dissection and analysis of a leper. Yet, reader, I must undertake to read it as I to write it, you will skip it all.

Sometimes Hagar would arouse herself, and throwing off at least all manifestation of gloom or sullenness would make an effort to regain her lost oblong power of pleasing; she also cultivated her rare talents, learning all she could and felt that she would succeed in giving Raymond pleasure. He loved melody, and her forte was grand harmony. The grand anthems of Haydn, Handel, and Beethoven, lost none of their grandeur in her appreciation and interpretation. Her voice was strong upon the too high a key, to give not sweetly the low breathing music of the melodies he loved. Thus he luxuriated in the bright, soft shower of Rosalin, full of melody, and writhed when the sublime storm of Hagar's diapason deafened and the thunders of Hagar's voice reverberated around him. Hagar saw this with anguish, oh! and this very anguish gave inspiration, gave additional force and expression to her passionate, to her gorgeous, to her awful conceptions of music! At last, however, she gave up the contest, and in her own home-like feeling she retreated to her study, and there, with all the love of a woman, a silent and unnoticed but enraptured worshipper! At such times, carried away, she would not think of herself at all—at other times a painful feeling of jealousy of self-deficiency would torture her. All wise, who worship, think more or less humbly of themselves—this feeling is often morbid in excess or irritability, and often itself engenders jealousy. In Hagar this was natural—she was so in her own estimation a little so handsome or *uncomplished* as Raymond, and in the same proportion that she adored his perfections she depreciated her own attractions. For him she desired to possess all the gifts of beauty and genius, that she might meet and supply the wants of his soul in every avenue, that she might be the whole world to him, as he undoubtedly was the whole universe to her. To her every face looked mean, expressionless, or sensual, compared to his glorious countenance, in which every passion, malign or benign, became godlike! to her every tone was harsh and rough, or flat and dull, compared to his love tuned voice—he was her music, her poetry, her love, her religion, her life, soul, and final destiny—her spirit sought unseen with his spirit, ardently, impetuously; she knew in Heaven, their enlarged souls would blend in one—in Heaven they would be *one angel*. Call this morbid, call this extravagant, reader, yet acknowledge that it was no *sudden* passion, that this intense love of one ardent soul had been growing from the moment that the little yet youth had lifted the little, ugly infant to his knee, and thenceforth become her adoration, her idol, her dream of Heaven. This passion had increased with years, every circumstance had only served to augment it, associations and absence meeting and parting, until their marriage, and then all the requirements of his regal will, all the sacrifices of her own wishes, all the struggles of her independence before it was subdued, all the death throes of her mighty pride before it was annihilated, served but to draw tighter, to rivet faster the chains that bound her heart to his: her separate soul, will, individuality of which she had boasted in her haughtiness, fled to him, cleaved to him, seemed blissfully, divinely lost in him—in Heaven they would be one angel, that was her love, hope, faith, religion, her conception of Heaven. Call it insanity, reader! many minds that pass for sane have in a greater or a less degree their insanity, in other words their master passion, or their besetting sin, or both in one.

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She found her power, though now she played with it only for her pleasure. The pencil up fire at her soul, and burned in her bosom, rocking to and fin, lashing its shores as a sea of flame in shining the soul that blazed in and out upon her cheek, and flamed through her eyes until their gaze seemed to scatch you; the soul found vent in poetry and in music.

And she would have been happy, *but*

in the grand diapason of her life was one broken chord, that left a blank, or gave out discord—her jealousy.

One evening, as usual, Rosalin was seated at the piano, playing and singing one of Moore's melodies. Raymond was seated near her, and his very soul seemed floating out upon the waves of the music; presently he arose and went to the back of her chair where he stood bending over her, unconsciously half embracing her. She raised her eyes and welcomed him by a beaming smile, without pausing in her music. Soon, however, he turned and looked for Hagar; she was sitting in a distant part of the room, buried in the shades of a deep arm-chair—her head bent forward and resting on her hand, while her profile was concealed by the swell of her ringlets. She did not look up or notice his glance. He spoke to her; she raised her eyes—he beckoned her to come, but with a bitter smile, she shook her head in refusal; then his eyes fastened on her with a fierce anger, piercing through their tenderness, which now for the first time she did not heed; then with a quick and threatening nod, he turned away and gave his attention up to the music. Not one whit of this dumb show had Rosalin noticed. At last her song was over, and rising she left the piano.

An hour after Raymond Withers entered the dressing-room of his wife. She had thrown herself upon the lounge and her head was drooped over one end, while all her ringlets falling down shaded her face. He approached—and standing over her with folded arms, he said—

"Hagar!"

She did not speak or move.

"*Hagar!*"

She looked up, silently.

"*Hagar!* I say."

"Well?"

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"*Nothing!*—do not speak falsely, Hagar!—tell me at once, what is the matter?"

She smiled a haggard smile, and rising, went to her dressing-glass and began to unclasp her bracelets. He followed, and taking her hand, led her back to the sofa, seated her, and stood before her, folded his arms, and looking steadily at her said, sternly.

"This folly must be ended just at this point—and when I ask you a question, Hagar, you are expected to reply, and to reply truly. Tell me, now, the time, a couple, and oh! fatal sign, at last she was more and more frequently *allowed* to absent herself. Hagar was insane—yes, reader, in recalling the circumstances of this period of her life, in trying to understand them, I am constrained to say that Hagar was insane, not to have seen that *her* presence, *her* sympathy, together with Rosalin's perfect innocence and artlessness, would have been the immediate antidote to any poison that might have crept into the mutual love of these two—the antidote! it would have prevented the most distant approach of an evil thought.

Jealousy seldom or never prevents, frequently suggests and causes the very infidelity it dreams. Not a being, not a thing is stationary, it must decrease or decrease. Hagar's disease was growing. At first she had only been jealous of his admiration, of his affection—*now* she was growing doubtful of his faith. Now, because wearied out by her sullenness, indignant at her unjust suspicions, even, she should have thought, with change, pleasures and gratification of the tastes that excited her envy, he permitted her to withdraw from his side and isolate herself in a distant corner. As yet Rosalin's bosom was at perfect peace—the night of the bridal was the last thought, the thought now ever gnawing at Hagar's heart, ever by her insane jealousy *kept before Raymond's mind*, had not darkened its brightness, had not breathed on its purity. Will the evil retrograde, or will it advance until it shall overwhelm the peace of Hagar, and sacrifice the cherished the envy, the jealousy, was yet too proud to breathe it to her rival; besides, it was Raymond upon whom her doubts fastened, not as yet upon Rosalin. The perfect simplicity, the modestly frankness, the child-like affection of Rosalin, was too apparent and transparent to expose her to doubt or suspicion.

Reader, how I loathe this part of my work! this analization of an evil passion is as detestable a task as I should judge the dissection and analysis of a leper. Yet, reader, I must undertake to read it as I to write it, you will skip it all.

Sometimes Hagar would arouse herself, and throwing off at least all manifestation of gloom or sullenness would make an effort to regain her lost oblong power of pleasing; she also cultivated her rare talents, learning all she could and felt that she would succeed in giving Raymond pleasure. He loved melody, and her forte was grand harmony. The grand anthems of Haydn, Handel, and Beethoven, lost none of their grandeur in her appreciation and interpretation. Her voice was strong upon the too high a key, to give not sweetly the low breathing music of the melodies he loved. Thus he luxuriated in the bright, soft shower of Rosalin, full of melody, and writhed when the sublime storm of Hagar's diapason deafened and the thunders of Hagar's voice reverberated around him. Hagar saw this with anguish, oh! and this very anguish gave inspiration, gave additional force and expression to her passionate, to her gorgeous, to her awful conceptions of music! At last, however, she gave up the contest, and in her own home-like feeling she retreated to her study, and there, with all the love of a woman, a silent and unnoticed but enraptured worshipper! At such times, carried away, she would not think of herself at all—at other times a painful feeling of jealousy of self-deficiency would torture her. All wise, who worship, think more or less humbly of themselves—this feeling is often morbid in excess or irritability, and often itself engenders jealousy. In Hagar this was natural—she was so in her own estimation a little so handsome or *uncomplished* as Raymond, and in the same proportion that she adored his perfections she depreciated her own attractions. For him she desired to possess all the gifts of beauty and genius, that she might meet and supply the wants of his soul in every avenue, that she might be the whole world to him, as he undoubtedly was the whole universe to her. To her every face looked mean, expressionless, or sensual, compared to his glorious countenance, in which every passion, malign or benign, became godlike! to her every tone was harsh and rough, or flat and dull, compared to his love tuned voice—he was her music, her poetry, her love, her religion, her life, soul, and final destiny—her spirit sought unseen with his spirit, ardently, impetuously; she knew in Heaven, their enlarged souls would blend in one—in Heaven they would be *one angel*. Call this morbid, call this extravagant, reader, yet acknowledge that it was no *sudden* passion, that this intense love of one ardent soul had been growing from the moment that the little yet youth had lifted the little, ugly infant to his knee, and thenceforth become her adoration, her idol, her dream of Heaven. This passion had increased with years, every circumstance had only served to augment it, associations and absence meeting and parting, until their marriage, and then all the requirements of his regal will, all the sacrifices of her own wishes, all the struggles of her independence before it was subdued, all the death throes of her mighty pride before it was annihilated, served but to draw tighter, to rivet faster the chains that bound her heart to his: her separate soul, will, individuality of which she had boasted in her haughtiness, fled to him, cleaved to him, seemed blissfully, divinely lost in him—in Heaven they would be one angel, that was her love, hope, faith, religion, her conception of Heaven. Call it insanity, reader! many minds that pass for sane have in a greater or a less degree their insanity, in other words their master passion, or their besetting sin, or both in one.

Her conjugal love was her master passion—jealousy her besetting sin—and her jealousy was morbid as her love was extravagant. In losing her very soul in his heart, she wished in exchange the heart to the exclusion of every other object. I repeat it here, she wished to be everything to the being who was everything to her—she wished for matchless beauty, peerless genius, not that she might be generally admired, but that she might meet and supply every demand of his soul. But now! but now! here was one more richly and rarely endowed by nature with the power of pleasing than herself—one who charmed all the world, and who must she fancied chasten *her* world, her universe away from her life. She wished to be—oh! not from vanity, but from love, to please her poet mind—she wished to be the fairest in her husband's sight—but here was one, fairer, oh! how much fairer than herself—she wished to be

Selected Poetry.

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES.

Two little, rough worn, stubbed shoes,
A plump, well-toddles pair;
With striped stockings throat within,
Lie just beside my chair

Of very homely fabric they,
A hole is in each toe,
They might have cost, when they were new,
Some fifty cents or so.

And yet, this little worn-out pair
Is richer far to me
Than all the jewelled sandals are
Of Eastern luxury.

This mottled leather, cracked with use,
Is warm in my sight;
These little trembled bottoms shine
With all a diamond's light

Search through the wardrobes of the world;
You shall not find one there,
So purely made, so richly wrought,
So glorious a pair.

And why? Because they tell of her,
Now sound asleep above,
Whose form is moving beauty, and
Whose heart is beating love.

They tell me of her merry laugh;
Her rich, whole-hearted glee;
Her gentleness, her innocence,
And infant purity

They tell me that her wandering steps
Will long demand my aid;
For the cold road of human life,
Is very roughly laid

High hills and swift descents abound;
And, on no rude a way,
Feet that can wear these coverings
Would sinedy go astray

Sweet little girl! be mine the task
Thy feeble steps to tend
To be thy guide, thy counsellor,
Thy playmate and thy friend!

And when my steps shall faltering grow,
And those be firm and strong,
Thy strength shall lend my tottering age
In cheerful peace along!

For the Ladies.

CHAPTER ON LOVE.

[The following admirable passage is from Mrs. Ellis's new novel of "Hearts and Homes."]

Will the young reader endure for a moment a few grave words on a subject which is too frequently placed beyond the pale of reasoning; by some parties thought too sacred, by others too trifling, by all unsuitable for the exercise of the reasoning powers? And consequently that which forms at one time or another in the experience of almost every human being a large portion of his or her human life—that which, above every other tendency, impulse, or passion, decides their destiny for this world, and offer for the next—that which attaches them by indissoluble ties to relationship, home, and society—that which constitutes their happiness or their misery, their happiness or their misery, which enters alike into their success or their failure, and is equally capable of accelerating both—that is not to be looked into with serious eyes, but is left for the gossip of the young, the jest of the vulgar, and the scorn of the world-be wise.

One word, therefore, of serious earnestness on this forbidden subject—one word of quiet reasoning, and of simple truth, may surely be born with, for the sake of the variety which it presents in the accustomed mode of treating a somewhat popular theme. One word—and it is this. There are two distinct ways of becoming entangled in what is called a love affair: *there is the love itself—a body, and a premium thing; and there is the love of love, which is a mere shadow, and a premium vision, where it exists without the act of loving, and where it demands no entity a thing as a human heart, with all its warm and generous affections, to satisfy the hunger of a selfish vanity.*

It is on these grounds that the young are often made to enter on society, and that such fearful and fatal mistakes are consequently made. The false passion exhibits all the outward symptoms of the real one, and what renders discrimination between the two more difficult, is that it often, if not always is, in some measure mixed with it! for to love, and not to desire to be loved in return, would be as little in accordance with reason, as with nature.

It is on these unequal, and false grounds, that women sometimes dare to marry; and oh! what an awakening to the truth comes then! The devoted affection which had supplied abundant food for vanity in those circles of society where it could be seen and heard, is withdrawn or cold, while the freshness of the victory enhanced its value, how does it pall and weary in the privacy of domestic life; or perhaps if still valued for the precious incense it offers, how is it drawn upon, and drained of its sweetness, by that requiring and insatiable love of being loved, which must be fed by constant demonstrations of attachment, at once degrading to the dignity of man, and wearying to the patience of the most devoted!

It is this vanity of being loved, when mistaken for love, that is the great source of misery in marriage, fretting, and requiring wives. The character of the first, is peculiarly marked by this propensity, and might be a warning, instead of an attraction, as it too often is, to those who compete for her favors or her smiles. The position of a wife is that of a companion, a friend, and consequently and valuable treasure, for which it is impossible that any equivalent should be returned. It is more odious even than this, for it implies the use of deep artifices to obtain by secret means, what right reason and honorable feeling would shake blush to demand openly. It implies deception, too, for it makes a show of being able to return in kind, some portion at least of the treasure demanded. It promises nothing—it cannot promise; because there would be living witnesses to prove that others had shared it the same, and all would know that the heart in question, however large and bountiful, could not be bestowed upon all. No; the fort is acquainted with a safer course than this. It is the great business of her life to find out and practice such methods of acting, speaking, and even looking, as shall convey the idea that she herself has a heart to be won, when in reality the ruling passion of her life is to win the hearts of others.

If the professed flirt were the only one addicted to this practice, or liable to be thus, may be deceived herself while deceiving others, there would be comparatively little mischief done to society; nor would the individual injury be such as to claim any large amount of sympathy or consideration. But the evil to be deplored is one which toses the foundation of health happiness in a widely different manner. It arises in fact out of that ignorance of themselves which is supposed necessarily to belong to the young, and which education makes no pretence to remedy. It consequently exists amongst the learned and the highly-taught according to the accustomed fashion of instruction, and influences their actions, to as great an extent as amongst the more ignorant and uninstructed.

By which of the common systems of instruction, for instance, is a young lady to be made aware of the fact, that while believing herself captivated by her first love, and marrying him on object of affection, she is only captivated by his flattering attentions, and charmed with the idea of being an object of affection herself?—that she is in reality only charmed with the idea of being preferred before others; and thus the deeper the impression she has the power to make, the more ardent and devoted the attachment displayed by her lover, the greater is the gratification to her own vanity and self-love?

It is precisely this mistake, so frequently the result of pure ignorance as regards the motives, powers, and passions which habitually influence our common nature, that makes shipwreck of so large an amount of human happiness in the married state. It is the fact of entering upon that state prepared, and expecting to receive, rather than to give—to be the pampered, cherished, flattered one, rather than to cherish, bear with, and, if profoundly admiring be flattering, then to flatter another.

If in the outset there should be so great a similarity in the symptoms of these two emotions, or tendencies, as to excite the inquiry—where lies the difference?—their results are so strongly marked by contradictory elements of character, as to draw out, through the whole experience of life, a set of feelings and habits entirely opposed to each other. In one case, these are gaudily bent upon receiving—in the other, lovingly and disposed to give out perpetually from a fountain inexhaustible as life itself. In one case there is a constant demand—in the other, a no less constant supply. In one case there is self for the centre of all good—in the other, self is forgotten in ministering to the good of a being who is more than self. In one case, kindness, attention, solicitude, are watched for, demanded as a right, and only borne without, by sorrow, reproaches, and tears; in the other they are dispensed like the sunshine and the dew—equally natural, generous, and spontaneous, but not the less essential to the vegetable and the beauty of life. In one case, the unstable receiver sits like a blasted idol on a mystic shrine, gloating over rich offerings prone asleep there—in the other, the heart itself pours forth its secret wealth, and asks for no return beyond those of welcome and acceptance.

Just in proportion then as it is more blessed to give than to receive; and just in the same manner, is the act of loving, generously and devotedly, superior in all the elements of true nobility and true happiness, to that common, mean and despicable passion, which deserves no better name than a greediness for being loved; and just in proportion too, as these distinct elements of character differ from each other, is it important to learn in early life how to distinguish them each from the other, both in their outward manifestations, and in their secret influences upon the happiness or misery of life.

When education shall have mastered a few difficulties of this description, it will indeed have become worthy of its name. When education shall have cleared the ground of the weeds of nature—when they shall even have *demoted* that it is desirable to do so—when they shall have ventilated, though but a faint idea of the fact, that the springs of human conduct arise more out of this class of feelings, that out of any thing in Greek, or Latin roots, or even living language in any of its varied forms, they will have accomplished one step towards that blessed era when moral cultivation shall assert its claim to be regarded in connection with intellectual. Even then, the long years in which intellect alone has been the direct object of the educator in systematic training, will have to be *recovered* by that neglected portion of our nature, out of which spring the motives of all human conduct—out of which spring happiness and misery—good and evil. All the long years in which this has been neglected will have to be made up for by tenfold earnestness and effort, before that equal balance of mind, that harmony of character, and that consistency of action can be looked for, which constitute man a fitting recipient for the higher influences of religion, and which, instead of frustrating the great work still remaining to be done, is like the preparation of the soil before the scattering in of precious seed.

MRS. SWISSHELM ON DRESS.

I have wanted, girls, for a long time, to give you a long lecture on dress, not because you do not think enough about it, but because you do not think right. It is a very important matter to be well dressed, and most people feel this; but very few ever learn the art. Women waste more time and money disfiguring themselves, than in all other occupations and amusements. Men, and they waste health and happiness besides. There is an inconceivable amount of worse than useless sewing done in this country. Thousands of women ruin their health, send themselves to an untimely grave, putting in stitches that are neither useful nor ornamental. I believe you silly girls are peculiarly addicted to this folly. Most of you make your own dresses, and few of you understand it well, consequently you imagine the more stitches you put in the better. Then, from want of a properly cultivated taste, you are addicted to buying cheap finery. You need not deny this to me, for I know you

Miscellaneous.

MARRIAGE.

We have for some days been devoting our leisure time to an investigation which promises to be one of great interest touching the marriage relation. It is well known that a class of modern physiologists have advanced certain novel principles concerning the true relations of the sexes, the observance of which they consider absolutely essential to the highest good of the human race. The proofs they have given us in proof of their doctrines are some references to facts which they assert to have been observed in their own experience. On these the reader cannot positively rely, for he knows not how much they are colored to suit the purposes of the advocates of the new theory. We have, therefore, turned to the pages of biographical history to find the facts concerning the parentage and births of the world's most distinguished men, for the purpose of testing these principles. Upon these facts we can rely, because biographers, not knowing the views to which we refer touching marriage and its results, have not been prejudiced either for, or against any particular theory. There is one difficulty, however attending this inquiry—and that is the lack of particularity in relating all the necessary facts concerning the parents and the circumstances under which our great men have been born and educated. In such an inquiry, we must bear in view the following points:

1.—At what ages respectively did their parents marry?

2.—What were the professional qualities of their minds, the extent of their acquirements, the pursuits they followed, and the nature of their mutual love?

3.—How many children did they bring into the world, what were the characters of each, and was their distinguished son or daughter the first, second, third, fourth or fifth, &c., by birth?

In the biographies of some, all these facts can be found; in some a part only, and in others none of them appear. We must be contented with such as can be found.

The principles to be tested by this inquiry are:—

1.—That marriage should not be contracted until the parties have attained the full degree of their physical and mental strength.

2.—That they should be adapted to each other—that is, while there should be a general mental harmony, the extremes of physical or mental character should not be the same in each.—A man in whom the nervous temperament, for instance, predominates, should not marry a woman of the same physical development, because their children would be too nervous to endure life.

3.—There should be a suitable difference in the ages of the parties—say from five to ten years, or an average of seven years as fixed by the best physiologists.

4.—They should love each other without reference to that grosser passion which too often governs the relations of the sexes.

5.—Marriage should not be contracted when the parties are past the middle of life.

6.—That the circumstances surrounding the mother, and the character of her thoughts and feelings during the several months preceding the child's birth, have much to do in giving it its good or bad qualities.

Now what has been the result, in brief, of a few days inquiry into the early history of our great men? We can only give the general results.

We find that very few of our distinguished men have been the first-born. What does this tend to show? Why, that their parents married too early in life, and not being mature themselves, could not impart the best physical and mental constitutions to their first-born. Or if they were not too young they were governed more by their lower passions during the first period of married life than subsequently. Such a state of mind gives the child a predominance of its animal over its intellectual and moral nature.

But what of the few cases we have found of the first-born becoming distinguished? In almost every instance where the facts are given we find that their parents either married late in life, or were noted for their superior mental qualities—that is, their passions were moderate in their development and entirely subordinate to the higher powers. Let it not be said that the parents of every great man must have been noted for mental superiority; for we find that the most of our celebrated men have sprung from the humble in life, who had not the opportunity of testing their mental vigor.

Dr. Johnson, whose biography was minutely written by Boswell, of whom it it was remarked by a distinguished man—perhaps Sir Walter Scott—that no man deserved such a biographer; Dr. Johnson, we say, was the oldest son, but he does not belong to the exceptions to the rule that great men are not the first-born, as deduced from the principle of marriage laid down. Why? Because both his parents were on the eve of middle age before they were married. They had lived long enough to become calm and reflective. The soberness of reality rested upon them, and the great Dr. Johnson was begotten and born in the mental serenity of his vigorous parents.

We have space to cite but one example more that might at the first glance be called an exception to our rule. We refer now to one of the most celebrated scientific men that France ever produced. D'Alembert was an only son and an illegitimate. This latter fact would imply, under ordinary circumstances, a predominance of the passions on the part of his parents, had they not lived in France where such things are no marvel and of little disgrace. But D'Alembert's parents were not only in full middle life, but his mother was noted for her accomplishments, good taste, and intellectual ability. She was afterwards received and greatly honored in the highest Parisian life. She wrote and published a romance so pathetic that its reviewer declared it able to make the most hardened weep. When she found her son determined to live by his pen, she remarked in view of literary misfortune that no one should rely on his pen for a livelihood. The mechanic is sure of his wages, but the writer is sure of nothing.

We conclude by remarking that nearly all our distinguished men have been born of parents in middle age, when they were neither in youthful weakness nor in the debility of declining life. We hope hereafter to publish fully the facts illustrating our subject. In the meantime let all profit by these suggestions, and remember that the least important reform is not that of marriage.—*Cincinnati Nonpareil.*

THE MELSENS SUGAR PROCESS.

We have looked with some care over the accounts, extracted by the *Courier des Etats Unis*, from its French files, in relation to M. Melsens' new process for obtaining sugar, with the view of gathering such particulars as may prove of interest to scientific readers or others connected with the manufacture of sugar.

The object of the process of Mr. Melsens is to avoid the chemical changes which occur in the expressed juice of the cane, and in the pulp of the sugar beet, resulting in the formation of vegetable acids, and through their action upon the crystallizable sugar, in its conversion into uncrystallizable sugar or molasses. Mr. Melsens entirely prevents the decomposition of the juice, and the consequent formation of their acids, and asserts that, by so doing, he obtains a limpid liquid as rich as possible in crystallizable sugar, which does not, as in the ordinary processes, require the addition of lime to neutralize acids, of animal charcoal to decolorize it, or of other substances to coagulate the albuminous principles contained in it.

The process consists in the addition of a certain quantity of bisulphite of lime to the juice or pulp immediately after their preparation, and before they have been affected by exposure to the atmosphere. This quantity is one per cent. for the expressed juice, and two per cent. for the pulp of the beet. Sulphurous acid, as yielded by a common sulphur match, has been long known and used as an agent capable of arresting fermentation, as in the manufacture of wines, cider, and other fermented liquors. The sulphurous acid of the bisulphite prevents all chemical changes, and the lime is present in sufficient quantity to neutralize any acid that might possibly be produced. After the addition of the bisulphite, the liquid is kept for a few moments at the temperature of 212 deg. Fahrenheit, is then allowed to settle, and after being filtered or decanted, is concentrated to 30 deg. of Baume's areometer, filtered anew, and left in a warm place, where it soon crystallizes entirely.

The evaporated liquor (la cuite) indicates, when examined by the polarising apparatus, 72 to 73 per cent. of crystallizable sugar, and does not contain the least trace of uncrystallizable sugar.

It is but fair to state, that the results said to have been obtained by Mr. Melsens, do not meet with entire credit in his own country, Belgium, and that a Belgian journal, in speaking of his process, asserts that he employs some other and secret means for the purification of the sugar, which would much increase the expense of the manufacture, and that the samples of sugar presented for the editor's inspection, had a disagreeable sulphurous odor.—*North American.*

☞ A democratic editor out West, who was also village post-master, was chided by a *friend* on the unsightly appearance of the head of his paper, and urged to get a new one. "Hush," said he, "if my head was to attract Mr. Collamer's attention, it would be off before a week!"

LITERARY DIPLOMATISTS.

The Literary World, speaking of the recent diplomatic correspondence of Messrs. Poussin and De Tocqueville—which contrasts so strikingly in its tartness and complacent consciousness with the usual complimentary innuendoes and circumlocutions of such officials—says "the moral of the matter would appear to be, that literary diplomatists are not the most successful." It is hard for an author who has been accustomed to contain allowable singularities of thought and expression, to tame down the force and vivacity of his style to the cool reserve, the mediocre propriety, the dull, monotonous decorum of state papers. Both the gentlemen above named are writers of keen political sagacity, and have produced able works on our form of government; yet they have succeeded in agitating every unpleasant difficulty, which inferior men, of less individuality of temperament would have been spared the blunder:

"We do not mean to say that writing a good book unfits a man for conducting a civil correspondence, or that author-craft and state-craft are necessarily irreconcilable; but that a mixture of judgment, even with the accompaniment of slowness, is better than the fiery edge of the present popular literary school—for the purpose. Authors in the employ of Governments, must learn that what would give piquancy to an article, may be treason to the State. Great writers must condescend to be dull in the service of their country; abandon trope and metaphor for the interests of commerce, and sacrifice whole reams of point and piquancy for the good of the Exchange. It would seem to be necessary, (there being no apparent motive for intentional insult) that there should be a new understanding of diplomatic etiquette; more latitude should be allowed for the expression of logic and sentiment; or authorship, pocketing the glory and rewards, should sit down contentedly, and be snubbed into dullness and propriety."

The Gold Region.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The following article, interesting to those who have friends seeking their fortunes, is from the "Pacific News" of Sept. 1st.:—

The following statement, in regard to the golden country, has been compiled from the most authentic sources, from men who are recently from the diggings, and from those who have been engaged prospecting over the whole of that interesting region:

The Sacramento still yields a good dividend of something like ten to fifteen dollars a day to all industrious laborers, and a bar near where the gold was first discovered, which had been entirely overlooked by the eagerness of new adventurers, has been wrought with great success, something like an average of two hundred dollars each, to a party of three, for some two weeks past. The new method of turning the river, and of working in its drained channel, has not always repaid the effort, yet, in enough cases, it has succeeded to make it quite popular. It requires a union of some twenty to sixty to build the dam. The one at Mormon Island has not as yet reached the expectation of its friends, though the shares of the stock have been sold here fifty per cent. above par.

The Feather River, where the finest gold has been found, is yet a favorite stream among the diggers. It yields the average of an ounce per man, if he works well. The lazy and inactive in this country do not fare any better here than in any other, and the dissipated are often the earliest victims to the diseases of the climate. But hard labor is well rewarded by the bountiful hand of Nature. About three thousand persons are now engaged there.

The Ayuba River is said to be the *surest* place for making money by those who stick to one spot, and the Indian trade is brisk. A friend of ours assured us that he had sold common scarlet blankets at from four to ten ounces a piece. At the present time he has already realized a few thousands by his mercantile shrewdness.

Of the three forks of the Rio de los Americanos, the North has now a majority of miners. The gold is of a light lemon color, and when assayed is found to possess a greater quantity of silver than that of the neighboring streams. Many have left the Middle Fork, in parties, for the mountain sources of the precious metal, but these parties have not been as successful as was expected. The Oregon men seem to be the luckiest diggers on those branches.

The old-fashioned rocker is the only and the simplest way yet invented to separate the dirt from the ore. In future years quicksilver will doubtless be used, but gold is yet too plenty and too easily procured to need the aid of amalgams.

The mornings and evenings are cool and delightful, the middle of the day hot and dry, when the thermometer ranges from 90 to 115 Farenheit.

Upon the Sacramento and its tributaries, are at work about fifteen thousand men, and with the year ending next January, they will doubtless relieve the earth of little less than twenty millions of dollars, and this we consider a moderate estimate.

The San Joaquin divides with the Sacramento the gold-seeking population, where, though wrought and re-wrought, the quantity still remains unabated.

The Stanislaus shores has afforded the largest specimens, varying from half an ounce to fifteen pounds, and thousands are now wasting the low water to excavate the virgin bars of this wealthy river.

The dry diggings on Wood's Creek have yielded thousands of ounces; and the Mexicans located at the Sonorian Camp have reaped a rich harvest; these diggings are nearly deserted for a lack of water to wash the gold. While on the Stanislaus, the shores are filled with springs, and pumps are necessary to keep the water out while digging.

The Tuolumne and the Mercedes Rivers have been merely skimmed over, yet with brilliant success. And many feet are now turned towards the ravines of the Calaveres, where a fortunate miner earned twenty thousand dollars in two weeks. We had the pleasure of seeing some of this windfall of gold. The mountain parties have not yet returned. Of their fortune we shall give our readers the earliest intelligence.

Upon the San Joaquin and its tributaries, there are some twenty thousand men now at work, who will earn by January next some $20,000,000. According to this calculation, this country will yield not less than $40,000,000 annually—an income unprecedented in the annals of the world. A word to those about starting for this region: Stout, hard-working men are those who acquire the most gold. Boarding-tents are plenty all over the mineral country, and board varies from three dollars to five dollars per day. Parties, of from three to five, are the most successful. All large parties break up from a want of unity of feeling, after reaching here; in fact, they are unprofitable. Machinery is of no use, and does not sell for the freight it costs. The flourishing cities of Sacramento, Stockton, Benecia, and others, are the best evidence, of the immense value of this wealth, in populating a land that only needs laborers to make it one of the finest grazing and agricultural countries in the world.

It is reported that new and valuable gold mines have been discovered upon the Turkee River, just the other side of the Sierra Nevada, and several parties from the northern forks were on their way thither. It is stated that from $500 to $1,000 have been dug per day.

A correspondent of the "Evening Bulletin" writes as follows, under date of Monterey, September 1st.:

To-morrow the Convention meets for the purpose of forming the State Constitution. Many of the members have already arrived, and our little town will be filled to overflowing for the next month. The question of Slavery, which has so much disturbed the wise ones at Washington, *will not create even a discussion in the Convention.* The feeling in regard to this question *here* is universal and decided. Not a dissenting voice.—*California will be a free State.* I suppose the Convention will get through with its labors in two or three weeks. There will be but little *talking*. That is not the *fashion* here. No one has time for waste words.

All are too much engaged in the business of money making, to spend their time in discussions, and as every man is his own *Buncombe*, nearly all the incentive to gabbling is done away with. The Constitution will be submitted to the people for ratification in November, and by the coming in of the year 1850, will be in Washington to be submitted to Congress. I trust their action will be as prompt as ours; but I fear that it may be the reverse, and that we may be obliged to hang on to our present imperfect organization, for months before Congress will open the door for our admission into the Union.

Any man possessing industry and blessed with health, can make money here. He cannot go amiss, it matters not to what he turns his attention. The only question is in what employment or business can he make the most. A robust man can make $20 to $25 per day at San Francisco at simply trotting about with a wheel barrow doing little jobs. Good surveyors could get constant employment and make handsome pay. In companies of 4 and 5, healthy robust men would be sure at the placers to make their 1½ oz. each per day, with the chance of coming across a "big pile." Yours, &c.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.

A Western paper presents the following arguments in favor of exempting a man's homestead from liability for debt: There are two leading reasons which ought to have great weight. The first is, that the direct tendency of exempting the "homestead" from debt, is to *preserve* the integrity of the family, both in society and property. It will keep the family together by keeping them home—safe from all the storms of adversity. In that, it will greatly tend to prevent the family from coming on the public for support. Now, the State which legislates has a deep interest in maintaining the unity and prosperity of the family. The whole is made up of its parts. Society is founded in the family. If no family is driven out to seek a precarious support, the State will have no paupers to maintain. In every state of society, no matter what the laws, the solvent must maintain the insolvent. In both the natural and Christian state of society, it is the duty of the members of a family to do this to one another. If, then, the family can be kept united, and have a home to rally upon, it is almost certain they will be able to do it. There is another reason almost equally strong, and which concerns the political health. There is no independence strictly speaking to be relied upon among a people who have neither a homestead, nor the means of getting one. Many of our laborers do get homesteads, saved from the profits of their labor. This should be encouraged; the whole community should be made independent, if possible.—*Homestead Journal.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers in the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

BACK NUMBERS.

New subscribers not wishing the back numbers containing "The Deserted Wife," will please inform us when they send on their subscriptions. In all other cases they will be sent, until the story is concluded.

ANOTHER RIOT.

A riot occurred in the lower part of Philadelphia, last week, in which guns and pistols were freely used, and a number of persons severely and several fatally injured. The riot appears to have originated with the gangs of "Killers" and "Stingers" that have grown up in Moyamensing, under the fatherly care, or rather the want of care, of the Commissioners of that district: and was directed against the colored population of that portion of the city. An attack was made, in the first place, upon a tavern much frequented by the blacks, with the object of setting it on fire. The keeper of the tavern, assisted by his friends, endeavored to defend the property, as they had a perfect right to do, but were at last driven from the house, and fire communicated to it. When the fire companies arrived upon the ground, they were prevented from going into service, a member of one of the companies being shot while standing near the engine. This is the commonly received account of the nature of the riot, though that it was not a strict fight of colors, seems proved by the fact that a black rowdy has been arrested who was a prominent leader of the party that *attacked* the tavern to which we have alluded. By the aid of the military the riot was ultimately put down.

The effect of this riot will probably be very beneficial. Our citizens seem now to be universally agreed that this system of rioting must be put an end to, and that the present division of what is generally termed Philadelphia, into a city proper and numerous districts, must give place to a union of the whole under one municipal head. By this means the whole police force could be directed at once upon an incipient riot, and the disorderly movement crushed without difficulty. The Legislature will be petitioned to this effect at the next session.

We trust that by this time the people of Philadelphia are convinced, that it is dangerous to depart, upon any occasion, however flagrant it may be generally considered, from the strict observance of law. The numerous riots, some of them of a truly alarming character, which have disgraced Philadelphia during the last thirteen years, may be plainly traced to the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, by almost common consent, in 1838. On that occasion, "gentlemen of property and standing" stood exultingly by, while the unchecked flames mocked with their fierce glare the mild, calm stars, and the reproving heaven. Not so many "gentlemen of property and standing" stood by, however, when, in succeeding years, a large and splendid church, consecrated to the worship of Almighty God, also was given to the midnight flames; or when private dwellings, the abodes of women and children, were ruthlessly devoted to destruction. For every reflecting man began to say to himself, Where is all this to end? It *is* my neighbor's hall, my neighbor's church, my neighbor's house to-day; it may be mine to-morrow. But it is easier to sow the wind than to control the whirlwind. Many lives have been lost, numerous buildings have been consumed and otherwise destroyed, the county has been put to heavy costs, first, to suppress mobs, and secondly, to recompense those who have suffered by their violence, the civil power has been repeatedly set at naught, and the military resorted to, in one case even the latter was insufficient, and troops from the interior had to be called to Philadelphia as if a foreign foe were to be expelled or resisted—and all, is it too much to say, from not opposing the evil at the *beginning*, from not sternly rebuking the *first* attempt at mob violence, directed as first attempts always are, against the most unpopular portion of the community.

We give utterance to these truths, as we believe them to be, not only for the sake of Philadelphia in the future, but for the warning of the inhabitants of other cities and sections. Maintain the law! do what you do under cover of law! If the laws be insufficient, amend them—if you have the majority, you have the power so to do. But you will be forced then to act with deliberation, with calmness, and with a just regard to the constitutional rights of others, because you value your own rights and will not willingly consent to break down a barrier that holds back the waters of destruction from yourself, in order to punish the most hated adversary. In this consists the beauty and safety of law. You must act upon general principles and denounce general penalties—the law for one man must be that for another; or, the unjust law glares upon you from the statute book at every turn, menacing its makers with like injustice in their day of peril, and calling down upon them the rebuke and scorn of a world.

We know the temptation for a community to take the law into its own hand, is often very great. There may be occasions, in frontier districts, when such a practice seems almost justifiable. But in the thickly settled portions of the country, where there are courts and prisons, no excuse can be made for such illegal practices. And just in proportion to the *weakness* of the offenders, is any excuse for "lynch law" entirely groundless. The only excuse for "lynch law" that seems to us valid, is that of want of power in some thinly settled districts to bring well-known offenders to trial and punishment. The reckless desperado and his friends, may sometimes be too strong for the orderly and quiet portion of the inhabitants. But very seldom indeed is this the case, and "lynch law" is in nine cases out of ten, even in the most remote places, without excuse. Its victims are generally those from whose strength the community, when they are once arrested, has nothing to apprehend.

We therefore trust that the readers of the "Post," wherever they may be found, whether along the Canadian line, the great "progressive" Western Frontier, or even in California and at the "gold diggings," will be the inflexible adherents of "law and order." Even though your reverence for law may bring you into momentary unpopularity, shun not the risk and the duty. Still more, though it may sometimes confound you in public estimation with doctrines for which you have no sympathy, none the less maintain the great Constitutional right, expressed in the Fifth article of the Amendments to the Constitution, "*No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.*"

OLD VESSEL.

A correspondent of the Ledger being at Parkeville, N. J., the other day, saw a man who informed him "that some time ago he was digging marl in that vicinity, when he came to the *hull of a vessel*, twelve feet below the surface of the marl, and eighteen feet below the surface of the ground, the timbers of which were fastened together with trenails, (wooden pins,) no spikes or metal of any kind about it!" The Ledger continues as follows:

This ship must have been older than Noah's Ark and built by men who had no knowledge of the use of iron or copper; therefore, *as the use of metals were known at the time of Noah, we presume this vessel was built anterior to the deluge.* One thing is certain, it must have been constructed before that part of the continent was covered by the debris from the mountains, which elevated the surface above the level of the ocean, and now forms the habitable portion of West Jersey.

The Ledger argues that as the use of metals was known at the time of Noah, this vessel must have been built anterior to the deluge. We would respectfully suggest to it, that as the use of metals was not only known at the time of Noah, but even so early as the time of Tubal-cain and Adam, that probably the vessel in question was built before the world was created.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important news brought by the Caledonia is that of an apprehended war between Turkey, and Russia and Austria, in consequence of the honorable refusal of the former power to give up the Hungarian fugitives who have tasted the salt of her hospitality. As the course of Turkey is said to be approved by France and England, the prospect of a general war in Europe is by no means lessened by this fresh act of aggression on the part of the haughty autocrat of the North. A previous account says:

It is supposed that the Emperor of Russia will put his threats of war into execution, should the answer be negative. Although nearly the whole of the Turkish fleet is in the Golden Horn, quite ready for service, and could defend the entrance to the Bosphorus, yet the Turkish army bears no proportion to the forces the Emperor could march against the Turkish frontier in a few days. Sixty thousand Turkish troops are concentrated round Constantinople, but the English fleet could not reach the Golden Horn sooner than fifteen or seventeen days. A Russian fleet could be in the Bosphorus within twenty-four hours.

The greatest anxiety prevails amongst all classes; the greater majority are opposed to war, as destructive to commerce and industry.

British subjects are among the refugees confined in Widden—General Guyon, General Longworth, and General O'Donnell.

Kossuth and his fellow exiles are said to be living in destitution at Widin—Kossuth having distributed what money he had with him among his suffering countrymen.

Comorn had not surrendered at the last accounts—though late letters from Vienna stated that an arrangement would soon be effected.

All was quiet in France. The Pope was still at Naples, but was to leave about the 1st of October for a town in the vicinity of Rome. He had published a decree, accompanied by an amnesty, which had excited great dissatisfaction by the want of liberality which it displays. Everything was quiet at Rome, though there was a good deal of irritation in the public mind. Only one paper in Paris defended the Pope's decree.

Venice runs some risk of being depopulated by the mean revenge of Austria. A letter writer says:—

"A few days since I visited Venice. It is calm, but wears an appearance of sadness closely approaching to despair. Since the entry of the Austrian army, that is to say, since the day of the capitulation, the Governor has delivered more than 50,000 passports; entire families are quitting the desolated country. Some realized as much as they could of their depreciated capitals to go and bury themselves in some obscure corner of Europe; they prefer the most humble obscurity, far from Venice, to the pain of living among the ruins of their former opulence, in the midst of the ruins of Venice itself. Others go to some other country less unfortunate, to carry on their business, which is shackled or destroyed by the measures which Austria has decreed against the paper money of the Venitian Republic, and against the commercial privileges of the port.

The following paragraph appears in the foreign news—we hope not without good foundation:

It is said the Government of the United States disapproves of the conduct of its Ministers at Rome and Naples, in summoning the American Frigate Constitution to Gaeta, to do honor to the Pope, and that they have been recalled, the captain of the frigate being reprimanded.

It is time that American Consuls abroad were taught that not the least important portion of their duty is to correctly represent the republican sentiment of America in relation to the political affairs of Europe.

A few days ago an American merchant vessel, with a number of Roman and other refugees, encountered an Austrian brig in the Dardanelles. It seems that one vessel ran foul of the other in making opposite tacks. Some words of altercation arose, which ended in a regular naval engagement. The Austrians were getting the worst of the conflict, when a Russian man-of-war schooner hove in sight, and the Italians looking on her as an ally of the enemy, sheered off.

The cholera is still decreasing in England. The Free Trade Club in London has been dissolved, and a National Reform Club organized in its place, to be based upon the principles of parliamentary and financial reform. Mr. Cobden has written a letter relative to a new loan asked by Austria, in which he advises a public meeting to array public sentiment against any aid to the despotisms of Europe. He says:

Now, this is the time for the friends of peace and disarmament to raise their voices in condemnation and exposure of the system by which Austria and the other powers maintain their enormous armies, and carry war and destruction, not only into their own provinces, but into the territories of their neighbors. A public meeting should be immediately called in London to denounce this attempt to levy upon the earnings of peaceful industry the means of paying Haynau and his Croats for their butcheries in Brescia and their atrocities in Hungary. There is not a friend or admirer of the oppressed and slandered Magyars or Italians, who will not press forward to swell the chorus of execration at this audacious proposal to borrow from the European public the money with which to pay the price of successful violence and injustice. It is a matter upon which every man is called upon to exercise his opinion; for all of us are, by the terms of the prospectus, invited to subscribe for the loan. Is there a *Jew* in London who will not be eager to attend such a meeting, to repudiate all connection with the projected loan, and to denounce the authors of those atrocities against his co-religionists at Buda-Pesth—atrocities in which Haynau has surpassed every thing that has occurred since the persecutions of the middle ages?

But from other indications we are afraid the loan in question will be eagerly sought for by moneyed men. One account says the people of Vienna were anxious to invest their means in it, and were complaining that the bankers were monopolizing it.

John Mitchel, the Irish patriot, has been released by the British Government from his captivity, on account of his impaired health, subject to no restraint, with the exception that he shall not return to or settle in any portion or colony of the United Kingdom. He proposes, it is said, to proceed to Germany, for the purpose of trying the effect of the spas in the restoration of his health, where he will be joined by his family. This pardon is honorable to the British Ministry.

CANADA.

The feeling in favor of Annexation to the United States, appears to be rapidly deepening in Canada, judging by indications in Montreal. Three out of the four "Tory" papers published in that city, are openly in favor of Annexation. The "Montreal Herald," of a recent date, has an article proving that Annexation should be immediate. It says truly, that "a state of political transition is a state of personal and social misery." An Address in favor of Annexation, has been issued by twelve hundred gentlemen of Montreal, of "all parties, origins and creeds," many of them of high standing, some being members of the Colonial Parliament. The Address commences with a statement of the grievances of the colonies. Chief among them is the withdrawal of protection to domestic industry, which, it is asserted, has blighted trade and manufactures. The Address then proceeds to review the proposed remedies—Revival of Protection, A Union of the British American Provinces, &c., &c., but finds these remedies partial and insufficient. It then comes to the remedy which is esteemed the only practical one, and concludes as follows:

Of all the remedies that have been suggested for the acknowledged and insufferable ills with which our country is afflicted, there remains but one to be considered. It propounds a sweeping and important change in our political and social condition; involving considerations which demand our most serious examination. This remedy consists in a "FRIENDLY AND PEACEFUL SEPARATION FROM BRITISH CONNECTION, AND A UNION UPON EQUITABLE TERMS WITH THE GREAT NORTH AMERICAN CONFEDERACY OF SOVEREIGN STATES."

We would premise that towards Great Britain we entertain none other than sentiments of kindness and respect. *Without her consent, we consider separation neither practicable nor desirable.* But the Colonial policy of the parent state, the avowals of her leading statesmen, the public sentiments of the Empire, present unmistakeable and significant indications of the appreciation of Colonial connection. That it is the resolve of England to invest us with the attributes, and compel us to assume the burdens of independence, is no longer problematical. The threatened withdrawal of her troops from other colonies—the continuance of her military protection to ourselves only on the condition that we shall defray the attendant expenditure, betoken intentions towards our country, against which it is weakness in us not to provide. An overruling conviction, then, of its necessity, and a high sense of the duty we owe to our country—a duty we can neither disregard nor postpone—impel us to entertain the idea of separation; and whatever negotiations may eventuate with Great Britain, a grateful liberality on the part of Canada should mark every proceeding.

Within the last few years how rapid has been the change of feeling in Canada towards the American Union. If that change continues a few years more, the two countries "like kindred drops" will be "melted into one." And why not? Is there any one good reason why the bans should be forbidden? None that we can see: while there are fifty in favor of the proposed union. Annexation would immediately remove all traces of bad feeling between ourselves and Canada. So long as Canada remains a dependency of England, or if she were an independent State, a mutual jealousy and hard feeling would to a degree exist. But from the moment that Canada becomes a portion of the Union, each party sees the other with entirely different eyes. Jonathan, the husband, becomes an entirely different man from Jonathan the rustic neighbor. Even Jonathan, the beau, casting sidelong glances at Miss Canada, is already quite a different being in Miss Canada's eyes, to what he was when he appeared totally indifferent to her charms. But when the bridal vow shall have been pronounced between them, it will be as much as any one's eyes are worth to say a word against Jonathan in the youngest Mrs. United States presence.

NEW PAPER.

The "American Citizen and Emigrant's Guide" is the title of a paper recently started in this city. It is devoted, as its name implies, to the interests of emigrants, and is so far ably conducted.

KOSSUTH AND RUSSIA.

A curious letter has appeared in one of the Paris papers, *La Presse*, which purports to have been written by Kossuth to Count Adam Potocki. It is dated August, 1849, and bears considerable internal evidence of being the production of that extraordinary man.

According to this letter, Kossuth imputes the failure of the Hungarian cause to the fact that he himself was not a soldier, but a civilian. He says:—

Certain of your countrymen have compared me to Thaddeus Kosciusko. In a certain sphere this is too much, but in another measure it is exact.

If, with the sovereign authority which I had in our nation I could have obtained the military preponderance enjoyed by the victor of Raclawice and Szczekociny, Europe would, in a few years, have been called to enjoy those destinies which at this time are illusory, but which will nevertheless be one day capable of realization. But I was not a soldier; and if I have sometimes desired to brandish the sword, I have been compelled to remember that I held the sceptre. "*I was made to curse the greatness which kept me upon the shore.*" Therefore I have not been able to be a warrior, and in this I incline before Thaddeus.

But what he was not, and could not be, I am; a CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT, revolting not against the oppressor but oppressions; not uttering the challenge of a gentleman, but the appeal of an apostle. Say, Count, can you refuse me this justice? Kosciusko, falling at Maciejowice, confessed that he was vanquished, it is true; but he despaired of his country with a word which I will not recall. Ah! never shall such an exclamation escape from my breast!

There has been considerable said of late in the journals relative to an apprehended desire of the Emperor of Russia to commence his encroachments on Southern Europe, by placing himself at the head of a grand movement of the Sclavonic races which inhabit Hungary and the Northern districts of Turkey. Gorgey absolutely refused to surrender to the Austrians—he declared in a letter to the Russian General Rudiger, that he would "rather let his whole corps be destroyed in desperate battle against overwhelming odds, than unconditionally lay down arms before the Austrian troops."

In the present letter, Kossuth, who is now said to be not of Magyar but of Sclavonian descent, says:—

You did not know it, Count, but I desire to tell you, that a high and powerful Lord did me the honor to write to me. I say, did me the honor, because in truth the terms of the letter, the thoughts there expressed, (*God alone sounds the heart!*) the judgments, and even the desires contained nothing that was not very honorable for me. Count, the Emperor Nicholas *knows* where the light is; he knows where the truth is, or I greatly deceive myself. Believe me, great things are preparing. All that has happened we must now recognize as conducted by a hand stretched further forth than ours. It is before me like a demonstration that *every enemy* we had a part assigned from *their very youth*, since there are through all the earth persons charged with the duty of knowing *all*, from the ground to the highest peak; that some are constantly controlled by others; that this situation assumes a thousand transfigurations; that he who knows can wait. We inevitably finish by understanding the truth. To set Paul and John a quarrelling, to separate them and get a footing with them, is no new thing, but may be done to a new end.

The Russians will camp at Leopol, at Presburg and Buda, at Vienna even without committing there a single excess. The policy of Russia has changed its character since she mingled in our affairs. She desires to make herself loved, *and I fear she will succeed in it.* Those who have disliked her most will seek her favors and her smile; and, parvenue as she was, she will at last become naturalized in the true, the just, the beautiful, the noble. *Russia ten years hence will be at the head of the Democracy, and blessed, perhaps—is changing is destiny—even by you and me!*

By me, alas! that will be from beyond the tomb—but by you, Count, by your children, by all those half-citizens who slay each other instead of clasping each other in a holy embrace. Yes, certainly, blood, a great deal of blood still to be poured, must come to that result!

That will be the punishment of corrupt nations who have allowed us to perish! Degenerate through selfishness and buying and selling, they could only be saved by devotion.

Now, taking the above in connection with the facts that the adherents of the Czar are continually preaching that Europe is going to decay, and needs an infusion of fresh life and vigor from the North,—that Central and Southern Europe are now in the situation of the Roman Empire when the Northern tribes poured down and took possession of its fertile borders, and thus prepared the ground for the seeds of a new and higher civilization; remembering that the Czar himself is continually preaching to his people that Russia has "*a holy mission;*" bearing in mind that Prince Paskiewitch has written a letter recommending the Hungarians to mercy, and that the Russian troops and Generals have gained the respect and almost love of the Hungarians by the contrast of their conduct with that of the cruel and unrelenting Austrians—with such facts as these before us, with the Will of Peter the Great to render these facts even more plain and intelligible, is it to be wondered at that some apprehension should be felt by thinking men in Europe at the prospect of a second deluge of barbarians?

LIBERALITY.

It is pleasant to record instances of liberal dealing in monetary affairs, and we therefore take pleasure in noticing the following. Mr. Henry Platt, an assistant of the well known collector, Israel E. James, Esq., insured his life in the "Girard Life Insurance Company," before departing for the South on a collecting tour, for the sum of one thousand dollars. Owing to a mistake, the policy did not extend to him permission to travel in Georgia, the State in which he wished to travel, although such permission had been solicited and informally granted. Mr. Platt while travelling in Georgia, was killed by the falling of a tree as he was riding along the road. Under such circumstances many a company would have considered themselves justifiable in refusing to pay the amount of the insurance, but we are happy to state that the company in question (The Girard Life Insurance) paid the amount promptly, upon the facts of the case being laid before them by Mr. James, and thus proved themselves above the little meannesses which distinguish too many individuals and corporations.

NORTHERN SENSIBILITIES.

The "Charleston Mercury," in a recent article, said:—"The only way to a Northern man's sensibilities is through the pocket."

Whereupon the "Louisville Journal" remarks: "We well remember that, after the great Pittsburg fire, three times as much money was contributed for the sufferers by the citizens of Boston alone, as by the whole state of South Carolina. Such facts go to show that, if there is a way to the sensibilities of Northern men through their pockets, there is also a way to their pockets through their sensibilities."

Comparisons between the North and the South, except for the purpose of inciting to good works, are in as bad taste and as impolitic as between man and wife. We may take the occasion, however, to remark, that if the news were to come that Charleston was in ashes, the office of the Mercury" included, at least as much money would go from the North as from the South in aid of the sufferers.

MISS BREMER.

Miss Bremer received much attention in New York. She is now the guest of Mr. Downing, at Newburgh. We see it stated that she will pass the winter in Boston. She has many admirers, not to say friends, in Philadelphia, who long eagerly for her visit to this city. May many a home in America, counterparts to the beautiful Swedish homes she has described in her stories, open to receive her.

A Newburgh paper says:—"Miss Bremer is *plain looking*, short in stature, with fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes. There is a great deal of goodness in her countenance; but not much passion." If this be true, how the Swedish authoress will laugh when she sees that fancy portrait which appeared in a late number of our friend Godey's Magazine.

PANORAMA OF ITALY.

Our readers must not neglect to visit this most beautiful of the panoramas, now exhibiting at the Assembly Buildings. There are views of Lake Como by moonlight, St. Marks, Ducal Palace of Venice, the Rialto, Bridge of Sighs, Falls of Terni, Leaning Tower of Pisa, Rome, the Coliseum, Carnival Scene, Ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and a grand Eruption of Mount Vesuvius. These views were painted from sketches taken in Italy by Mr. Waugh, and are worthy of a visit not only for the interest which attaches to the places in question, but for the exceeding excellence with which the panoramas are executed.

DANCING.

Bishops Hedding, Waugh, Morris, Hamlin, and Janes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have addressed to the Conferences under their jurisdiction, a circular enjoining the strict observance of the Church discipline relative to participation in the prohibited amusements of dancing, &c., &c. Church members are not allowed to permit dancing in their houses, even though they do not participate themselves.

We have sometimes thought that a collection of all those passages of Scripture which speak of dancing might be edifying as well as interesting.

MISS MARGARET FULLER.

The New York correspondent of the Ledger, gives a rumor in that city to the effect that Miss Fuller, the Italian (?) correspondent of the "Tribune," and a lady of some literary celebrity, has become the wife of an Italian Count, ("*Countess*," the Ledger says,) and the mother of a "little luminary." Miss Fuller is the lady so unmercifully ridiculed by the poet Lowell in his "Fable for Critics."

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

The English appear to be getting ahead of us. We notice that five millions of dollars of California gold has been deposited in the Bank of England.—The amount received at the mint in this city is two millions eight hundred thousand dollars.

THE MOSQUITO QUESTION

The United States Envoy to the Republic of Nicaragua, Hon. E. G. Squier, was received with great honor by the Government and the people of that country. Nicaragua, it will be remembered, claims jurisdiction over the Mosquito Shore. Mr. Squier, on being presented to the President of Nicaragua, made a speech in which he said that, "In order to secure the harmony of the two Republics, and the permanent welfare of both, it was essential to pursue a system of policy exclusively American." He further said:

A cardinal principal in this policy is a *total exclusion of foreign influence, from the domestic and international affairs of the American Republics.* And while we would cultivate friendly intercourse, and promote trade and commerce with all the world, and invite to our shores and to the enjoyment of our institutions the people of all nations, we should proclaim in language firm and distinct, *that the American Continent belongs to Americans*, and is sacred to American Freedom. We should also let it be understood, *that if foreign powers encroach upon the territories, or invade the rights of any of the American States, they inflict an injury upon all, which it is the duty and determination of all to see redressed.*

Mr. Squiers also said, referring to the projected ship canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific, that it was "*One of the objects of his mission to assist* in an enterprise so important to the whole world."

The reply of the President of Nicaragua was very satisfactory, its tenor may be inferred from the following extract:

The satisfaction which I experience in having the honor of receiving for the first time a representative of the Republic of North America, is only equalled by the good desires and high hopes with which I am animated. The gratitude with which your words have inspired me; the extraordinary intervention of your Government under the circumstances with which Nicaragua is surrounded, impose on me the agreeable duty of returning thanks to Divine Providence for its kind favors.

Nicaragua has long felt the necessity of sheltering itself under the bright banner of the North American confederacy; but the time which the Arbiter of nations had designated for such high happiness and future prosperity had not arrived. Before we despatched a Legation to the Minister at Guatemala, and even before the treaty relative to a canal was entered into with Dr. Brown, a citizen of your Republic, we had made some advance to the American Government with a view to this happy consummation; but our hopes were scarcely sustained by the result. But I now see all the elements of a happy future brought before us; there is good faith in the Government with which I am connected; the friendliest feelings towards North America pervades every Nicaraguan heart; and we have the assurances of the sympathy and support of the American Government. We have, consequently, all things we desire to make available the advantages with which Heaven has surrounded us.

Nicaragua, in one word, is very well pleased to shelter herself under the wings of the Eagle, and feels very secure there. With the United States to back her, she thinks the British Lion not a very terrible beast after all—and a rather menacing letter from the British Consul, is replied to in a very cavalier manner. As, however, the canal communication between the two oceans, is not to be an exclusively American concern, but all nations are to have equal privileges in traversing it, we do not think anything very serious will grow out of the slight difficulty respecting the jurisdiction claimed by the Mosquitoes.

THE SHAKERS.

The New York Mercury has an article headed, "Don't Persecute the Shakers," in which it is argued that the Shakers are a very well behaved and inoffensive sect. It says:

They don't brawl at political meetings, nor bother the ballot-boxes, nor get into fights at ale-houses; they don't stand at the corners of streets, gossipping and idling away their time; they will have nothing to do with "military duty," nor sit as jurymen. These are their heinous offences.

There is one "heinous offence," however, of which the "Shakers" are guilty, which we are confident neither the Mercury nor any other journal that has a proper sense of its own dignity, will defend. *They do not take the papers.* Suppose all the people should turn Shakers, what would become of the newspapers and posterity? Consider that, Mr. Mercury, before you again enter upon a defence of the Shakers.

THE NAVIGATION LAWS.

In reply to a recent letter from a mercantile firm in New York, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Meredith, writes:

GENTLEMEN—In reply to the inquiry made in your letter of the 2nd inst., I have to state that in consequence of the recent alteration in the British Navigation Laws, British vessels, from British or other foreign ports, will, under our existing laws, be allowed after the 1st of January next to enter in our ports with cargoes of the produce of any part of the world.

I have farther to state, that such vessels and their cargoes will be admitted on the same terms as to duties and imports as vessels of the United States.

NATIONAL CIRCUS.

The great increase of Philadelphia in population, may be inferred from the numerous places of amusement now open to our citizens—Theatres, Concerts, Museums, Panoramas, &c., &c. To add to the above, R. Sand's & Co. have opened the National Circus, with the fullest troupe of performers, including two elephants, ten camels, twenty ponies, a splendid stud of horses, to say nothing of the two-legged performers, "ever in this country." Truly this is a great city, with a wonderful amount of good and evil, wisdom and folly, lying between its churches and its theatres.

WHAT IS THE WORLD COMING TO?

Andrew Miller has been elected President of the Board of Commissioners of Moyamensing! What is the world coming to? Is a universal conflagration in Moyamensing at hand? It must be so, if the people of that district have become believers in Millerism.

Andrew Miller elected by the Democrats; Jesse R. Burden by the Whigs—"a plague on both your *parties*."

NEW WORKS.

"Shirley," a novel by the author of "Jane Eyre," is announced by the Harpers; a new volume of poems by Longfellow, "Orations and Addresses by Charles Sumner," and a "History of the Acadians by Prof. Felton," by Ticknor & Co.; and a new novel, "The Old World and the New," by Mrs. Trollope, is also announced. Is it possible the new world is to come in for another *trollop-ing*?

THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

The first concert of the Musical Fund Society, on Monday evening, was, on the whole, a very brilliant affair. The new prima donna did not make any very wonderful sensation, but Luigi and Annibale Fiesa far exceeded public expectation. The orchestral accompaniments were as usual very effective. The large and splendid hall was filled with the beauty and fashion of Philadelphia.

THE SEGUIN CONCERT.

We have no doubt the Seguin Concert was a very grand affair, but our paper had gone to press before it came off. So much for having about the largest circulation of any weekly paper in America. Particulars, therefore, next week.

FURS, HATS, BONNETS.

We solicit the attention of our readers to Mr. Oakford's advertisements on the third page. Mr. O.'s establishment ranks number one in Philadelphia.

☞ The "Penn. Freeman" says that the misquotation from the Post was a typographical error.

We would advise the editor of the "Freeman" to devote less time to hunting out the supposed imperfections of others, and more time to the correction of his own short-comings.

New Publications.

THE COURT AND REIGN OF FRANCIS THE FIRST, KING OF FRANCE. *By Miss Pardoe, author of "Louis XIV.," "The City of the Sultan," &c. In two volumes. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.* Miss Pardoe strips Francis of much of the chivalric renown which has enveloped his name. She says: "The glorious day of Marignano saw the rising, and that of Pavia the setting of his fame as a soldier—the early and unregretted death of one of his neglected Queens, and the heart-broken endurance of the other, contrasted with the unbounded influence of his first favorite, and the insolent arrogance of his second, will sufficiently demonstrate his character as a husband. His open and illegal oppression of an over-taxed and suffering people, and the reckless indifference with which he falsified his political pledges, completes a picture by no means calculated to elicit one regret that his reign was not prolonged." We commend the work, as one of much interest, to our readers. The times pictured are those of Luther and the Reformation, of Bourbon and Bayard, of Diane of Poitiers, Marguerite de Valois and Catherine de Medici.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. The November number of "Godey" contains engravings of "The Repose in Egypt," "Household Treasures," "Before the Election," and a Fashion Plate. The contributors are W. G. Simms, J. F. Otis, Lille Lilberne, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, T. S. Arthur, Carl Linley, Mrs. Osgood, &c., &c. Miss Leslie continues her story of "The Cleybornes," and Sara J. Clarke has a fine and spirited "Song of the Magyars."

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848. *Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.* We have been able as yet merely to glance through this work, which, despite the amusing egotism of the writer, appears to be of profound interest. We desire to notice it more at length in a future number. *For sale by Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. Graham for November is before us as early as usual. Its embellishments are "Happy as a King," a spirited picture—"Head-Quarters of General Knox before the Battle of Trenton," an engraving which brings to mind the snow and ice of the times which, in a double sense, "tried men's souls"—a Paris Fashion Plate—a view of "The Balize," one of the mouths of the Mississippi River—"Perils of the Imagination," a laughable picture of the perils of a passage to the Turkish Paradise, &c., &c.

The contributors to this number are Herbert, Alice and Phoebe Carey (those two sweet singers of the West, one of whom we had the audacity to poke a little fun at lately, which we now repent in "dust and ashes"), Mrs. Osgood, C. J. Peterson, H. G. Lee, S. H. Whitman, Professor Frost, &c., &c. Mrs. Osgood has one of her fine, impassioned poems that we would quote if it were not too long for our columns. In its place we quote the following by Miss Alice Carey:—

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Vainly, vainly memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks
Where they used to be:
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Golden-haired and dewy-eyed,
Prattling all the day,
Was the baby, first that died;
Oh! 'twas hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low.

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Ne'er by sorrow thralled,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next God called:
Then a grave more deep and wide
Made they by the baby's side.

When or where the other died
Only Heaven can tell;
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell:
Haply thistles, blue and red,
Bloom about his lonesome bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pray;
Two are on the stormy sea;
Farther still than they,
Wanders one, his young heart dim—
Oftenest, most, I pray for him.

Whatsoe'er they do or dare,
Wheresoe'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in Thy care,
Guide them safely home;
Home, oh, Father, in the sky,
Where none wander and none die.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE. Sartain for November contains the usual number of engravings, viz.: "The Fountain of Vaucluse," "The Partaken Sorrow," "Good Management," &c., &c. The contributors are Miss Bremer, Mrs. E. F. Townsend, Miss Alice Carey, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Kirkland, Edgar A. Poe, Mrs. Osgood, &c., &c.

ROCKINGHAM, OR THE YOUNG BROTHER. *New York: H. Long & Brother.* The London Court Journal says that "this tale has the remarkable attraction of being as true to nature as truth itself, and as strange and exciting as the wildest fiction." For sale by *T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.*

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The November number of the National contains engravings styled the "Impending Mate," "The Jealous Husband," "Anne Boleyn's Boudoir," and a Fashion Plate, &c. The contributors are Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Orne, Harry Sunderland, R. H. Stoddard, &c.

Our Correspondents

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

We have received the following article from a subscriber upon the question of the abolition of "Capital Punishment." Thinking a short discussion of this question might be interesting to a number of our readers, we have concluded to insert "C.'s" article. As it is probable we shall receive a number of replies to it, we shall take the liberty of accepting that one which is, in our judgment, the ablest, and rejecting all others.—The reply must occupy about the same space as "C.'s" article. Very weighty arguments can be given in a very small space, by one who knows how to do it—and, in the language of advertisements, "none others need apply."

THE BIBLE AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

In a recent number of your widely circulated journal, you have a short paragraph, in which you quote from some advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, his rendering of that passage in Genesis, which contains the law of God in relation to the punishment of the murderer. And you furthermore inquire whether it be the true reading.

I have not the paper before me in which the paragraph occurs, but, if I remember rightly, the amendment suggested to the passage as it now reads in the common version is this—that the word translated "whoso," should be "whatever or whatsoever," thus endeavoring to make the injunction apply to beasts, and not to men. Even were the suggestion adopted, it would not effect the purpose those who make it have in view, neither would it materially alter the sense of the passage; but our present translation is the better one, and gives the sense more correctly.

In the original, no nominative is immediately connected with the verb, and it must, therefore, be supplied from the preceding context, which reads thus: Gen. ix. 5: "And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it; and at the hand of man, at the hand of every man's brother, will I require the life of man." Here it is evident enough, as much so as language can make it, that the shedder of man's blood, whether man or beast, is guilty before God, and liable to a certain punishment, which punishment is declared in the passage under consideration—Gen. ix., 6. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made He man." That word then, which, while it includes whatever else may be the subject of the law, shall best designate the principal thing intended, is the proper word to be used. The fact that man is a moral agent, and therefore immeasurably superior to the brute creation, should of itself entitle him to the chief place. But if that be not enough, the words of the context I have quoted emphatically show, that to man belongs the pre-eminence of guilt; for not only is the murderer pronounced guilty, but every one who for any cause shall neglect to bring him to punishment. "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man." The obligations arising from this clause of the verse have, I believe, been attempted to be set aside by the frivolous explanation, that if every man's brother is to be the avenger of blood, then none but one so related ought to take upon himself this office.

The phrase in question is an Hebrew idiom, signifying according to its connexion a nearer or more remote degree of relation—the word translated "brother," itself admits of a variety of meanings, sometimes denoting a cousin or kinsman of any degree; one belonging to the same tribe, a fellow countryman, a friend, a neighbor, a fellow man; when connected with the same word that it is in this verse, the phrase means, one another, and is sometimes applied to inanimate objects. If those who so childishly reason upon it, will consult almost any Hebrew Lexicon, they will find it so laid down.

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made He man."

This passage has always been an insurmountable difficulty in the way of those who seek to show that the death punishment is not commanded in the Bible.

The circumstances attending the giving of this command, and the reason annexed, prove that it was intended to be of universal obligation, and that this obligation was to be imperative through all succeeding ages. At no time in the world's history could a command in relation to this subject have fallen with so much weight upon the minds of those for whom it was intended. With the exception of a single family, God had recently swept the whole human race from the earth. He had just accomplished an overwhelming judgment upon those who had incurred His righteous indignation, by reason of their long continued and enormous wickedness, and murder was one of the chief of those sins which had called down this fearful visitation of wrath.

"The earth also was corrupt before God; and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt, for all flesh had corrupted His way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before Me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and behold I will destroy them with the earth." Gen. vi., 11, 13.

This law, so concise, so energetic, and given to Noah and his family under so awful a sanction, however far separated the members of this family might afterwards be, would be carried by them to the ends of the earth, would be handed down from generation to generation, would be engraven upon the heart of humanity, and would thus become a fundamental law, on which society would depend for its existence and security.

The reason annexed also proves its perpetuity—"for in the image of God made He man."

It is remarkable here, that God places the guilt and consequent punishment of murder not upon the ground of the injury inflicted upon society, but upon the fact that it is chiefly an offence against His own dignity and glory. Unlike every other creature, man possesses this distinguishing glory; that he is made in the image of God, and not only is he in a very peculiar sense the object of God's providence, but of His wonderful redeeming grace. Men may, when necessary, take the lives of other creatures, for God has given to them this privilege; but the time of man's continuance upon the earth He has Himself appointed, and no one may presume to take upon himself that authority which God refuses to confer. He then who, in the exercise of unholy passions, slays his fellow man, besides committing the highest crime against society, presumptuously arrogates himself to God's prerogative; and for this daring wickedness God has determined that the murderer's own life must pay the penalty.

But, say the advocates of the abolition of capital punishment, if the Old Testament does enjoin the taking of life, it is forbidden in the New Testament, and is contrary to its spirit and intention. Now this is an error founded upon a very cursory and insufficient examination of the subject. It is true that in the New Testament the duty of forbearance under injuries received and of abstaining from private revenge, is more fully taught than in the Old—but this in no way interferes with the question of capital punishment. The advocates of change in order to sustain their argument, are bound to shew an explicit alteration or abrogation of the old law. But so far are they from being able to do this, that wherever the subject is alluded to at all in the New Testament, the allusion is a confirmation of the original command—as for example; The Apostle Paul, when accused by the Jews before Festus the Roman Governor, says: "For if I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die;" thus explicitly, while speaking under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, giving his sanction to the propriety of the death punishment. Again, while defining the duties and powers of the civil magistrate, in the 13th chapter of the Romans, he says, "But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid! for he beareth not the sword in vain, for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Rom. xiii, 4. The power of the sword is here distinctly declared to belong to the magistrate, (the expression is a figurative one implying the power to take away life)—which it is evident he not only may, but must exercise when occasion calls for it; and as God's minister must give an account to his master, of the use and abuse of the powers entrusted to him.

I noticed some time since, an article in your paper, a story by Mrs. Child, I think, in which she labors to demolish the present system of capital punishment, by working upon the sensibilities of her readers.

The instance she gives is that of a man who was called to serve upon a jury in a case of life and death, whose own son was afterwards by the commission of a similar crime, placed in the same appalling circumstances. This man while acting as juror urged upon his associates the duty of convicting the prisoner, and in so doing with the evidence before him, he acted rightly and did his duty—though it may be, according to Mrs. Child's exaggerated description, with a little too much zeal; to carry out the design of the story, she makes him, for the part he then took, lead a life of sorrow and remorse. In so far as he indulged in bitter and vindictive feelings, the man was doubtless to be blamed, but in all other respects he deserved nothing but commendation. All such stories and the reasoning sought to be deduced from them are in themselves puerile, nevertheless they are not without their effect, and a most baneful one it is too upon a certain class of readers.

If the reasoning be good for anything when applied to cases where capital punishment is concerned, it is equally good when applied to any other crime, such as theft. If we are ourselves in this world of sin and guilt, by God's preserving goodness, preserved from such violations of the law of the land as would bring upon us public and shameful punishment, we may at least have friends and acquaintances who may be brought into contact with justice; but for us to act in view of such possibility when called to sit in judgment upon criminals, would be in the highest degree absurd and subversive of the ends of justice. It is, in a word, introducing a new and unwarranted principle of action which God does not sanction and will assuredly punish.

The true course of action for those whom God in His providence may call to sit on juries even in cases where the death of the criminal is to be the consequence of their verdict, is simply to examine the evidence presented before them cautiously and deliberately, and then give their decision as bound by their oath. By pursuing any other course, no matter what plea of harrowed feelings, of unwillingness to be instrumental in the death of a fellow creature, and the like, may be urged in extenuation—the guilt of blood unavenged will lie at their door, the land will be poluted, and the voice of that blood will cry from the ground to God, who will visit His curse upon those who have failed to perform the solemn duty entrusted to them, and upon the land in which such things are permitted to be done. When men have done their duty, no further burden need rest upon them, they may and they ought to leave the consequences with the Almighty. C.

Political Intelligence.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.—In Philadelphia city, the Independent candidate for Mayor, Judge Jones, was elected by a small majority. The Whig ticket for Councils was elected over the Independent ticket by a majority of between three and four hundred. The Independent ticket was supported by the Democrats in a body, and by a large number of Whigs. The Whig Assembly ticket in the city was elected by an average majority of 2,000.

In Philadelphia county the Democratic Assembly ticket was elected by about 1,300 majority—the Democratic Sheriff by about 900. The other county officers are divided between the three parties—the Whig or Native candidate being elected in cases where the two parties appear to have united for that object.

In the State at large the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner has been elected by a majority of many thousands. We will probably be able to give the exact number next week. The Democrats have also carried the House of Representatives by a fair majority, and the Senate by probably a majority of one.

OHIO.—Returns from nearly the whole State have been received, and, omitting the Hamilton county members, the next Legislature will stand as follows: House—Whigs 30; Democrats 34; Free Soilers 6. Senate—Whigs 17; Democrats 16; Free Soilers 1.

GEORGIA ELECTION.—The latest returns say the State Senate will consist of 23 Democrats, 25 Whigs and 2 Independent Democrats, and that the House stands 65 Democrats, 63 Whigs.

Clippings.

THE VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Bayard Taylor who is at San Francisco, says 1,500 Tribunes were sold in that city for one dollar apiece, and at the mines five dollars is the price for late papers.

☞ Mrs. Gummy, in looking over the advertisements the other day, saw one headed "Radical Cures." "Well," said she, "I'm glad if they have got a way to cure them Radicals, for they've been turning the world upside down ever since I was a gal."

☞ Mountains never shake hands. Their roots may touch; they may keep together some way up; but at length they part company, and rise into individual, insulated peaks. So, says the author of "Guesses at Truth," it is with great men. Yet, if mountains do not shake hands, neither do they kick each other, while their human counterparts are unfortunately more pugnacious.

☞ Late letters from Vienna contradict the report that three of Kossuth's children have been captured by the Imperialists.

☞ Mr. Magoon, in his "Living Orators of America," assigns a distinctive appellation to each of our most celebrated orators. For instance he calls Mr. Webster the logician; Mr. Everett the rhetorician; Mr. Clay the politician; Mr. Calhoun the metaphysician; Mr. McDuffie the impetuous; Mr. Cass the courteous; Colonel Benton the magisterial; Mr. Preston the inspired declaimer, and Mr. Corwin the natural orator.

☞ Between the 1st of January, 1840, and August 1st, 1849, there have been issued from the French press 87,000 new works, 3,700 reprints and 4,000 translations, one-third of the latter from the English. According to a calculation, for which the authority of M. Didot's (the publisher) name is given, the paper employed in printing all these works, would more than twice cover the surface of the 86 departments of France.

☞ A late London letter, commenting on the practice of burying the dead within the limits of that city, says that one spot of ground only 71 feet square, had had over 50,000 bodies buried in it within fifty years; and 5,000 within the last two years! Another lot of ground of less size had had 12,000 bodies buried in it in 19 years.

☞ "Gin is my best friend," said Mr. Coroner Wakley, "it brings me one thousand inquests a year; more than that, there are not less than ten thousand deaths in a year from gin, in London only, which I don't see."

☞ Forty thousand bodies are annually buried in the church yards of London. Paris is happily free from this enormous evil.

☞ A dozen men may unite and make good and wholesome laws, and submit to be governed by them; while not one of the number has virtue enough, individually and uncontrolled, to restrain himself in the exercise of the most vicious propensities.

☞ "To be a man's true friend, it is not necessary to agree with him always. Better be a nettle in his side," says Emerson, "than be merely his echo."

☞ It has been shrewdly said that half the failures in life arise from pulling in the horse when he is leaping.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Oct. 13, 1849.

REMARKS—There is very little change to notice in the market this week. The inclemency of the weather part of the time has materially retarded out of door operations, and the transactions have been quite moderate. The demand for Cotton has been limited, but holders are firm in consequence of the continued unfavorable accounts from the South, respecting the growing crop. Coffee has been in brisk demand at a further advance in prices. The Money market continues easy, and the Banks are accommodating their customers to the full amount of their means. The arrival from California of $650,000 in gold dust, at New York, has given a new impetus to the Stock market, and prices of some kinds have advanced. Exchange on England continues at 109¾a110¼, but the transactions are limited.

The following are the principal exports to foreign ports during the past week:

Flour, barrels,	2,605	Bark, hhds.	150
Rye Flour, do.	686	Beef, bbls and tcs	70
Corn Meal, do.	1,120	Pork, do.	30
Wheat, bushels,	2,810	Bacon, lbs.	14,838
Corn, do.	200	Lard, do.	32,455

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been very quiet this week. The demand for shipment is limited, but prices have undergone no change. Sales of 2a3,000 bbls common brands at $5,12½ per barrel, and some half bbls at $5,37½ per pair. For city consumption; sales of common and choice brands at $5,12½a5,25, and extra at $5,50a5,62½. Rye Flour is in limited request, and only one or two small lots sold at $3,12½ per bbl. Corn Meal is dull, and we quote at $3,06¼a3,12½.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending 11th inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour		bbls	10,854
do.		half bbls	265
Rye Flour		bbls	733
do.		half bbls	10
Corn Meal		bbls	1,636
do.		half bbls	60

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat, and with moderate supplies, prices are fully maintained. Sales of 25a30,000 bushels good and prime red at $1,05a1,08; mixed $1,09, and white $1,12a1,14. Rye is scarce; sales of Southern at 57c, and Pennsylvania at 60c per bushel. Corn has been in fair request; sales of 10,000 bushels yellow at 65c, and two or three lots at 67a68c. To-day we quote at 66c. Oats are in limited demand; sales of Southern at 28a30c, and Pennsylvania at 35c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—There has been an increased demand for Pork, and 7a800 bbls Mess have been disposed of at $10,50, and some Prime at $9,62 per bbl. The sales of city packed Mess Beef are only in small parcels for ship stores at $13,50 per bbl. Bacon is in limited request; sales of 200 casks, Hams at 8 to 10c as in quality, Sides at 6a6¾, and Shoulders at 4½a5¼, and some at 4¾c per lb. Lard is dull, and the sales are limited at 6¾a7½c per lb in bbls and kegs. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—We have no material alteration to notice in the market. The demand for both Cotton and Woollen Goods is quite moderate; but prices continue nearly stationary. Browns and Bleached Goods are scarce.

BARK—The market continues nearly bare of Quercitron Bark, and prices have further advanced; a small sale of No. 1, early in the week, at $35, and 50 hhds since at $37 per ton, now held firmly at the latter rate.

BEESWAX—Is in rather better demand; several lots of Yellow sold at 21c per lb cash.

CANDLES—Continue in limited demand, but prices are steady at 31a37c for Sperm, and 10a14c per lb for Tallow.

COAL—The demand for shipment has been limited, but for city consumption there is more inquiry; cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3.75, Red Ash $4.10, and Lehigh Lump and Prepared at $3.87½a4 per ton. Several cargoes of Allegheny Bituminous Coal sold at 17c per bushel.

COFFEE—There has been a brisk demand, and prices have further advanced; a cargo of 2,300 bags new crop Rio, which arrived early in the week, sold at [illegible] per lb, and part of it resold at a further improvement; an import of 900 bags Laguayra was taken on arrival to leave the market, at about 9½c, and 700 bags St Domingo at 7½c on time.

COPPER—The sales are limited at previous rates.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet during the past week; holders, however, are firm in consequence of the continued unfavorable accounts from the South, and part of the stock is not offered at present. Sales of 800 bales Upland and New Orleans at 11a11½c per lb on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The market has been unusually inactive, and the transactions are limited; among them we notice some lots of Soda Ash at 3¼a3½; Sal Soda at 1¼a2, and Alum at 2¼a2½ cents per lb. Turkey Opium $4.

FEATHERS—Are scarce and wanted; small sales of fair and good Western at 35a36c per lb.

FISH—Prices of Mackerel are rather firmer, and there is a moderate demand; sales of No. 1 from store at $11a11,25, No. 2 at $6,50a6,75, and No. 3 at $4,[illegible] per bbl. Moderate sales of Codfish at $4,75 per 100 lbs.

FRUIT—There is no foreign Fruit in first hands, and we have no sales to notice.

GINSENG—No sales have been reported; we quote Crude at 30c per lb.

GUANO—The sales of both Patagonian and Peruvian Guano are only in small lots at previous rates.

HEMP—Market quiet; a sale of Dew Rotted at $[illegible] per ton, on time.

HIDES—An import of 5,300 Laguayra Hides have arrived, part of which were previously disposed of on private terms.

HOPS—Are in limited demand; small sales of old crop at 8½, and new Eastern at 14a15c per lb.

INDIGO—Prices are fully sustained; sales of 14 chests of Kurpah and Caraccas at 90a[illegible]c per lb on time.

IRON—The market continues excessively dull; sales of 4a500 tons No 2 Anthracite at $19,50a20, and a small lot of No. 1 Scotch Pig at $21,50 per ton. In manufactured Iron the sales are limited at previous rates.

LEAD—The market is dull, and prices have a downward tendency; an import of about 50 tons English Lead sold at $4,25 per 100 pounds.

LEATHER—There is an active demand for both Slaughter and Spanish Sole Leather, and prices are fully maintained.

LUMBER—There is a moderate demand for both White and Yellow Pine Boards at $10 to 17 per M feet. A sale of 100,000 Calais Laths at $1,35 per M, and a cargo of Spruce Lumber at $7.50 per M feet.

MOLASSES—Is in fair request, and prices are firm; sales of 300 hhds Trinidad and Matanzas at 25a26c, and some Sugar House at 30c all on time.

NAVAL STORES—Rosin is scarce, and prices are firm; sales of 4a500 bbls at $1.30 for common, and $2.25 per barrel for No. 1 Soap. In Tar and Pitch no sales have come under our notice. Spirits of Turpentine is in fair demand, and 300 bbls sold at 34a35c cash and on time.

OILS—There is a good demand for Fish Oil, and considerable sales have been made at 38a40c for unbleached Winter Whale, and 50c for bleached, moderate sales of Sperm at previous rates. Lard Oil is inactive. Linseed Oil is unsettled, and prices are rather lower; small sales at 63a65c.

PLASTER—A cargo of Soft at $3 per ton, which is a decline.

RICE—Demand limited, but prices have not varied; the sales are confined to small lots at 3¼a3½c per lb.

SALT—There have been no arrivals this week. Sales of 5,000 sacks Liverpool Coarse and Fine, on private terms.

SUMAC—A small sale of Sicily at $39 per ton.

SEEDS—There is but little inquiry for Cloverseed, but, with limited supplies, prices are steady at [illegible]; sales of 600 bushels fair and prime quality at $4 a4,30 per 64 lbs. In Timothy, 300 bushels sold at $2 [illegible]. Flaxseed is worth $1,43a1,45 per bushel.

SPICES—Small sales of Pepper at 6½, and Nutmegs at 90a92c per lb.

SPIRITS—There is a good demand for Brandy, and prices are fully maintained—a cargo of Bordeaux has arrived, and is now landing. In Gin, no change. N. E. Rum is in limited demand; small sales at 29 cents. Whiskey has been in steady demand at 28c in bbls, and hhds are dull at 27a28c.

SUGAR—The rainy weather early in the week had a tendency to restrict operations; there has been a moderate demand, and the late advance in prices has been fully maintained; sales of 400 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 4¼a5¼, New Orleans 5a5¾, some Havana brown and yellow at 5¾a6¼c, and white Brazil at 6¾a7c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Is scarce and more inquired after; sales of Rendered at 8¾a9c per lb.

TEAS—There is a moderate demand for all kinds and prices are steady.

TOBACCO—The transactions in Kentucky Leaf Tobacco have been confined to small parcels for the supply of the city dealers at full prices.

WINES—The market continues inactive, and no sales have been reported.

WOOL—Supplies of Wool from the interior are coming forward rather more freely, but, with a moderate demand, prices continue nearly stationary; sales of 110,000 lbs., in lots, at 31a40c per lb on time.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool, nothing going, and the rates are nominal. To Southern ports, the rates continue to rule very low. Colliers are in rather better request—we quote to Boston at $1,12½a1,25, Rhode Island $1,00, and to New York 85c per ton.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	106	107	Mechanics'	27½	[illegible]
" '62	109	109½	Southwark	70	[illegible]
" '67	111¼	111½	Kensington	57	[illegible]
" '68	111½	112	P Township	29½	[illegible]
" 5s '53	100	100½	Girard	12½	[illegible]
Int due 1 July off			Western	60	[illegible]
" 5s '51	95	—	Man & Mechs	27½	[illegible]
U S Tr N 6s	109½	110	Bk of Com	51	[illegible]
" 1 mill	108	—	Camden N J	52	—
Philada 6s	104	104½	Germantown	50	—
" 5s	85	—	Trenton Bkg Co	32	—
" " Gas	—	—	Pittsburg Bank	50	—
County 5s	88½	89	M & M Pitts	50½	—
Penna 6s	100	100½	Exchange, Pitts	47	48
" 5s	86½	86¾	Com, Cincin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	103	104	Louisville, Ky	98	100
Tennessee 5s	85	86	Kentucky Bk	102½	—
Illinois 6s	44	—	Northern	100	—
Cincinnati 6s	95	96	Union, Tenn	50	50½
Texas T Notes	10	12	Planters, Tenn	32	—
" bds 8s	—	—	Vicksburg	15	[illegible]
Schuyl N 6s	48½	48½	Com, Natchez	—	—
" Int	56	—	N O Gas Bk	112	[illegible]
Lehigh N 6s	66½	67	Schuyl Nav	14	[illegible]
" Int loan	55	57	Lehigh Nav	24	[illegible]
" Mort 6s	92	95	C & Del Cl	79	80
C & Del Cl 6s	90	90½	Morris Cl	8½	[illegible]
C & Am R bds	96½	97	Penn & Ohio Cl	26	[illegible]
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Union Cl	12½	[illegible]
Susqueh Cl 6s	50	52½	Cam & Am R	172½	[illegible]
Norrist'n R 6s	78	—	Penna R	39½	[illegible]
Harrisburg R 6s	92	—	Bea Mdw R	20½	[illegible]
Wil R 6s	98½	98½	Lykens Val R	25	—
Read R 6s	58½	58½	North Am Cl	—	[illegible]
" Mort 6s	64	64½	Susqueh Cl	10	[illegible]
U S Bk Notes	90	90	Norristown R	23	[illegible]
U S Bk Share	9½	9½	Harrisburg R	46	[illegible]
N Amer Bk	130	130	Wilmington R	27½	[illegible]
Penna Bk	109	109½*	Reading R	10½	[illegible]
Philadelphia	132	132½	Minehill R	65	[illegible]
Far & Mec	62½	63	N Liberty Gas	92	[illegible]
Commercial	56	56½	Penn Copper	5	—
N Liberty	45	—	B J Copper	—	[illegible]

* Shares been divided into 3 shares.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1849.

MR. POE.

A great feat of swimming, performed by the late Mr. E. A. Poe, in his youth, having been doubted, Robert G. Cabell, of Richmond, Virginia, says:

"In his boyhood, Mr. Poe was noted for feats of hardihood, strength, and activity, to an extent almost beyond the credible; and it is said that he looks back upon such achievements with greater pride than upon any subsequent mental triumphs. On one occasion, with a run of thirty yards, he leaped, on a dead level, the distance of twenty-one feet six inches—a feat never equalled within our knowledge. When about fifteen, he swam from Ludlam's Wharf, on James River, at Richmond, to Warwick—a distance of seven miles and a half—in a hot June day—and against a tide running, probably, from two to three miles an hour. The impossibility of resting for a moment, under the circumstances, renders the feat Herculean, and one never approached by any properly authenticated feat of the kind." The veracity of the statement made above (which is taken from a memoir of Mr. Poe in the "Philadelphia Museum") having been lately called into question by one or two Eastern journals, we think it no more than justice to set the matter in its true light. The gentleman who signs the subjoined statement, and those referred to by him, are among the most distinguished in our State: "I was one of several who witnessed the swimming feat above described. We accompanied Mr. Poe in boats. Messrs. Robert Stanard, John Lyle, (since dead) Robert Saunders, John Munford, I think, and one or two others, were also of the party. Mr. P. did not seem at all fatigued, and walked back to Richmond immediately after the feat—which was undertaken for a wager."

THE CHOLERA.

Drs. Snow, Budd and Brittan, and other celebrated physicians, have prepared a long report, in which they assert that the cause of malignant cholera is "a living organism of distinct species." Dr. Budd procured water from different parts of London, and detected organisms in great numbers in every specimen of drinking water. He states, in a long letter to the Times, that this organism is of the fungus tribe, and is taken by the act of swallowing, into the intestinal canal, and there becomes "infinitely multiplied by the self-propagation which is characteristic of living beings." The pressure and propagation of these organisms, and the action they exert, are the cause of the peculiar flux which is characteristic of malignant cholera. These organisms are disseminated in the air, in the shape of impalpable particles, in contact with articles of food, and principally in the drinking water of infected places. The evidence on which these conclusions are founded has been placed in the hands of the President of the College of Physicians, and will shortly be made known to the world for the benefit of mankind.

INDIGO.

We find the following curious statement respecting indigo, in one of our contemporaries:

"The indigo plant was a native of South Carolina. It grew spontaneously among its weed and woods and hills. More than one hundred years ago the planters there commenced its cultivation. In the year 1748, South Carolina exported to Great Britain, 200,000 pounds, and the Parliament granted a bounty of twelve cents per pound to induce its greater cultivation. In 1687, when that ordinance was passed, indigo was one of the staples of South Carolina, we believe of Georgia also. Now in 1849, not a single pound of indigo is raised in South Carolina, or as far as we know, in all the South. A plant which is indigenous to that region, and which in its early cultivation was exceedingly profitable, has been driven from existence by the cheap labor of India. Great Britain now pays seven millions of dollars a year for indigo raised in India."

CURIOUS.

A passenger on board the Steamship Panama writes as follows:—"About 1 P. M., a short time after we left the harbor of Acapulco, our compass commenced turning around like lightning. We got our other compass up, and the action was the same, and for five or eight minutes they kept flying round and round, when they became settled. About 8 in the evening they both commenced again, and continued for some time as before. Nothing unusual being near the compass, I am at a loss to account for this singular action."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 156—adults 69, and children 87.

The Mormons.

PROPOSED MORMON STATE.

The Mormons residing in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, unknown ten years ago, have framed a Constitution for a State Government, which is to be submitted to Congress at its next session, and which is to govern them until Congress shall authorize some other form of Government. The document is the result of the labors of a convention, held in their city in March last, of inhabitants residing in that portion of California lying East of the Sierra Nevada. They have chosen as the title of their State, the "State of Deseret," a Mormon epithet for the "Honey Bee," significant of industry and its kindred virtues.

The Constitution is in the usual form of such documents among our new States. The three departments of Government, the Legislative, Judicial and Executive, are established. The Legislature is to consist of two houses, the members of which are to be free white male citizens of the United States, and bound by oath to a support of the Constitution of the same. A Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, with the customary officers, compose the Executive, and the Judiciary consists of a Supreme Court, with such other tribunals as the Legislature shall establish. The Declaration of Rights guarantees a perfect freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, and the Legislature cannot establish any one religion, or interfere with any man's mode of worship, provided "he does not disturb the public peace nor disturb others in their religious worship." Not a word is said about slavery, and as the Mormons are all, or nearly all, from free States, the probability is, that the idea of introducing slaves into their territory has not been entertained at all. The General Assembly adopted the instrument in July, and elected Almon W. Babbitt, as their Delegate and Representative to Congress, to urge upon that body the admission of the new State into the Union.

The following are the claimed boundaries of the new State:

Commencing at the 33rd deg. North latitude, where it crosses the 108th deg. longitude, West of Greenwich; thence running South and West to the Northern boundary of Mexico; thence West to, and down the main channel of the Gila River, on the Northern line of Mexico, and on the Northern boundary of Lower California to the Pacific Ocean; thence along the coast North-Westerly to the 118th deg. 30 min. of West longitude; thence North to where said line intersects the dividing ridge of the Sierra Nevada Mountains; thence North along the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains to the dividing range of mountains that separate the waters flowing into the Columbia River, from the waters running into the Great Basin; thence Easterly along the dividing range of mountains that separate said waters flowing into the Columbia River, on the North, from the waters flowing into the Great Basin on the South, to the summit of the West River chain of these mountains; thence South-East and South by the dividing range of mountains that separate the waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, from the waters flowing into the Gulf of California, to the place of beginning, as set forth in a map drawn by Charles Preuss, and published by order of the Senate of the United States, in 1848.

The following letter from a correspondent of the New York Tribune, gives an interesting account of the Mormon settlement at the Salt Lake:

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, July 8, 1849.

Perhaps a few lines from a stranger in this strange land, and among a still more strange people, will be judged sufficiently interesting to find a place in your columns.

The company of gold diggers which I have the honor to command, arrived here on the 3rd inst., and judge our feelings, when, after some twelve hundred miles of travel through an uncultivated desert, and the last one hundred miles of the distance through and among lofty mountains and narrow and difficult ravines, we found ourselves suddenly and almost unexpectedly in a comparative Paradise.

We descended the last mountain by a passage excessively steep and abrupt, and continued our gradual descent through a narrow canon for five or six miles, when, suddenly emerging from the pass, an extensive and cultivated valley opened before us, at the same instant that we caught a glimpse of the distant bosom of the Great Salt Lake, which lay expanded before us to the Westward, at the distance of some twenty miles.

Descending the table-land which bordered the valley, extensive herds of cattle, horses and sheep were grazing in every direction, reminding us of that home and civilization from which we had so widely departed,—for as yet the fields and houses were in the distance. Passing over some miles of pasture-land, we at length found ourselves in a broad and fenced street, extending Westward in a straight line for several miles. Houses of wood or sun-dried brick were thickly clustered in the vale before us, some thousands in number, and occupying a spot about as large as the City of New York. They were mostly small, one story high, and perhaps not more than one occupying an acre of land. The whole space for miles, excepting the streets and houses, was in a high state of cultivation. Fields of yellow wheat stood waiting for the harvest, and Indian corn, potatoes, oats, flax and all kinds of garden vegetables, were growing in profusion, and seemed about in the same state of forwardness as in the same latitude in the States.

At first sight of all these signs of cultivation in the wilderness, we were transported with wonder and pleasure. Some wept, some gave three cheers, some laughed, and some ran and fairly danced for joy—while all felt inexpressibly happy to find themselves once more amid scenes which mark the progress of advancing civilization. We passed on amid scenes like these, expecting every moment to come to some commercial centre,—some business point in this Great Metropolis of the Mountains; but we were disappointed. No hotel, sign-post, cake and beer shop, barber pole, market house, grocery, provision, dry goods or hardware store distinguished one part of the town from another, not even a bakery or mechanic's sign was anywhere discernible.

Here, then, was something new; an entire people reduced to a level, and all living by their labor—all cultivating the earth, or following some branch of physical industry. At first I thought it was an experiment—an order of things established purposely to carry out the principles of "Socialism," or "Mormonism." In short, I thought it very much like Owenism personified. However, on inquiry, I found that a combination of seemingly unavoidable circumstances had produced this singular state of affairs. There were no hotels, because there had been no travel; no barbers' shops, because every one chose to shave himself, and no one had time to shave his neighbor; no stores, because they had no goods to sell nor time to traffic; no centre of business, because all were too busy to make a centre.

There was abundance of mechanic shops, of dress-makers, milliners and tailors, etc.—but they needed no sign, nor had they time to paint or erect one, for they were crowded with business. Beside their several trades, all must cultivate the land or die; for the country was new, and no cultivation but their own within a thousand miles.—Every one had his lot and built on it; every one cultivated it, and perhaps a small farm in the distance.

And the strangest of all was that this great city, extending over several square miles, had been erected, and every house and fence made, within nine or ten months of the time of our arrival—while at the same time good bridges were erected over the principal streams, and the country settlements extended nearly 100 miles up and down the Valley.

This Territory, State, or, as some term it, "Mormon Empire," may justly be considered one of the greatest prodigies of the age, and, in comparison with its age, the most gigantic of all Republics in existence,—being only in its second year since the first seed of cultivation was planted, or the first civilized habitation commenced.—If these people were such thieves and robbers as their enemies represented them in the States, I must think they have greatly reformed in point of industry since coming to the mountains.

I this day attended worship with them—in the open air. Some thousands of well-dressed, intelligent-looking people assembled; some on foot, some in carriages and on horseback. Many were neatly and even fashionably clad. The beauty and neatness of the ladies reminded me of some of our best congregations in New York. They had a choir of both sexes, who performed extremely well, accompanied by a band who played well upon almost every instrument of modern invention. Peals of the most sweet, sacred and solemn music filled the air; after which a solemn prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Grant, of Philadelphia. Then followed various business advertisements, read by the Clerk. Among these, I remember a Call of the Seventeenth Ward, by its presiding Bishop, to some business meeting—a Call for a meeting of the 32nd Quorum of the Seventy, and a meeting of the officers of the 2nd Cohort of the Military Legion, &c., &c.

After this, came a lengthy discourse from Mr. Brigham Young, President of the Society—partaking somewhat of politics, much of religion and philosophy, and a little on the subject of gold,—showing the wealth, strength and glory of England growing out of her coal mines, iron and industry—and the weakness, corruption and degradation of Spanish America, Spain, etc., growing out of her gold, silver, etc., and her idle habits.

Every one seemed interested and pleased with his remarks, and all appeared to be contented to stay at home and pursue a persevering industry, although mountains of gold were near them. The able speaker painted in lively colors the ruin which would be brought upon the United States by gold, and boldly predicted that they would be overthrown because they had killed the Prophets, stoned and rejected those who were sent to call them to repentance, and finally plundered and driven the Church of the Saints from their midst, and burned and desolated their city and Temple. He said God had a reckoning with that people, and gold would be the instrument of their overthrow. The Constitutions and laws were good, in fact, the best in the world, but the administrators were corrupt, and the Laws and Constitutions were not carried out. Therefore they must fall. He further observed that the people here would petition to be organized into a territory under that same Government—notwithstanding its abuses—and that if granted they would stand by the Constitution and Laws of the United States; while at the same time he denounced their corruption and abuses.

But, said the speaker, we ask no odds of them, whether they grant us our petition or not! We never will ask any odds of a nation who has driven us from our homes. If they grant us our rights, well—if not, well; they can do no more than they have done. They, and ourselves, and all men, are in the hands of the great God, who will govern all things for good, and all will be right and work together for good to them that serve God.

Such, in part, was the discourse to which we listened in the strongholds of the mountains. The Mormons are not dead, nor is their spirit broken. And, if I mistake not, there is a noble, daring, stern, and Democratic spirit swelling in their bosoms, which will people these mountains with a race of independent Men, and influence the destiny of our country and the world for a hundred generations. In their Religion they seem charitable, devoted and sincere—in their Politics, bold, daring and determined—in their domestic circle, quiet, affectionate and happy—while in industry, skill and intelligence they have few equals, and no superiors on the earth.

I had many strange feelings while contemplating this new civilization growing up so suddenly in the wilderness. I almost wished I could awake from my golden dream, and find it but a dream; while I pursued my domestic duties as quiet, as happy and contented as this strange People.

SUNDAY, P. M.

Since writing the foregoing, I have obtained a copy of one of the Mormon songs, which impressed me deeply this morning, being sung to a lively tune, accompanied by the band.

Lo! the Gentile chain is broken!
Freedom's banner waves on high;
List! ye nations. By this token
Know that your Redemption's nigh.

See on yonder distant mountain,
Zion's standard wide unfurled,
Far above Missouri's fountain—
Lo, it waves for all the world.

Freedom, peace and full salvation,
Are the blessings guaranteed,
Liberty to every nation,
Every sect and every creed.

Come, ye Christian sects and Pagan,
Pope and Protestant and priest;
Worshippers of God and Dagon,
Come ye to fair Freedom's feast.

Come! ye sons of doubt and wonder,
Indian, Moslem, Greek or Jew—
All your shackles burst asunder—
Freedom's banner waves for you.

Cease to butcher one another,
Join the Covenant of Peace;
Be to all a friend and brother—
This will bring the world's release.

Lo! our King, the great Messiah,
Prince of Peace, shall come to reign;
Sound again, ye Heavenly Choir;
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Please excuse these hasty and imperfect lines, written while seated on a trunk of goods, with the paper spread in the sun on a parcel of clothing, and the wind blowing sufficiently to carry away the sheets before they are signed.

A STRANGER IN QUEST OF GOLD.

Clippings.

☞ The small quantity of language that a man can do business with is really surprising. A letter writer on the Isthmus of Panama, says that four weeks after he arrived, he only knew seven words of Spanish; and yet, with even them, he managed in less than a week to quarrel with his washerwoman, stick his landlord, and run away with an heiress! To effect the latter, he says it was only necessary to use six, "fall in my arms, my love," and she fell in.

☞ Dear to us are those who love us; the swift moments we spend with them are a compensation for a great deal of misery; they enlarge our life; but dearer are those who reject us as unworthy, for they add another life; they build a heaven before us whereof we had not dreamed, and thereby supply to us new powers out of the recesses of the spirit, and urge us to new and unattempted performances.—*R. W. Emerson.*

☞ The ladies of Pittsburg, if we may believe one of their own papers, cannot keep their faces clean, in consequence of the coal soot which is constantly falling in the American Birmingham. When a lady's face receives a descending flake, her nearest friend *blows* it off.—To wipe it off would only make bad worse, and singular to say, the greatest kindness shown by the ladies to each other, is *when they come to blows.*

☞ NUNS TAKING RAILROAD STOCK.—The Grey Sisters, or "Sœurs Grises," a community of nuns in Quebec, have taken £200,000 worth of stock in the projected railroad from Quebec to Halifax.

☞ Intelligence has been received to the effect that the Hon. John C. Calhoun does not intend resigning his seat in the U. S. Senate.

☞ Mrs. Gummy, having read that "Poverty is obliged to make a great many shifts," vowed that it was not always the case, as she knew one poor woman who had but one to her back.

☞ THE MOST VALUABLE SORT OF CITIZEN.—"A man that I admire very much, and have met with *occasionally*, is one who is always of use in any matter he is mixed up with, simply because he wishes that the best should be got out of the thing that is possible."

☞ A law student, who is preparing for examination, has discovered that the only way to avoid being hauled over the coals is to stick to *Coke.*

☞ Instead of the ordinary paint, nearly all the western steamers have adopted the use of the china gloss, which resembles enameled porcelain, and is very beautiful.

☞ A person riding on horseback met an awkward fellow leading a calf, whom he accosted as follows:—"How odd it looks to see one calf leading another!" "Yes," replied the other, "but not so odd as to see a calf on horseback."

☞ All persons having friends who have gone to California, will be relieved of their anxiety on behalf of them, when they learn, through Mr. Babbitt, who is most reliable authority, that the graves with which, according to letters heretofore published, it has been represented the whole route was strewed, are, in most cases, only the graves of the surplus provisions, which, according to the usual custom of the mountaineers, have been buried.

☞ There is much impoliteness practised in our courts; for when one says he is "not guilty," they forthwith proceed to try him, which is an imputation upon his veracity.

☞ At a wedding in Albany the other day, the bride's cake excited general admiration. It cost $100, and was a beautiful temple, nine feet high, of the Grecian and Italian style of architecture.

Miscellaneous.

MR. WIRT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND MANNERS.

FROM KENNEDY'S LIFE OF WIRT.

In the prime of his life, Mr. Wirt was remarkable for his personal beauty. With a tall figure, ample chest and erect carriage, there was no great appearance of muscular strength, but a conspicuous ease and grace of motion. His head was large and in good proportion to his frame; the features of his face strongly defined. A large nose, thin and accurately formed lips, a chin the breadth of which gave to his countenance an approximation to the square, rather than the oval outline, clear, dark blue eyes, looking out beneath brows of the widest compass, and the whole surmounted by an expanded and majestic forehead, imparted dignity and intellectual prominence to a physiognomy which the sculptor delighted to study. A curled, crisp and vigorous growth of hair,—in his latter days almost white—clustered upon his front, and gave an agreeable effect to the outline of his head and face.

Towards the close of his life, severe study and the infirmities of his constitution had made a visible trace upon his exterior. He lost somewhat of his firm and perpendicular part; his complexion became sallow; his eye faded into a lighter blue, though it grew even kindlier in expression.

His letters sufficiently indicate the character of his manners. His voice was clear and sweet, and variously modulated by an ear of the finest musical perception. His laugh, never boisterous, was sly, short, and full of the gaiety of his temper. Few men ever had a keener insight of the ludicrous. It never escaped him, however little he might be on the watch for it. Sterne, for this reason, amused him above all other authors, in light literature.—The quiet humor of Tristam Shandy, and those exquisite drolleries which lie in ambush in every page, were the most familiar recollections of his readings. Many of them may be found covertly lurking through his letters.

His conversation was exceedingly attractive. It seldom fell into discourse, but played with all kinds of amusing topics. It was suggestive, provoking thought in others, and fortifying them with opportunity to contribute somewhat to the purpose, from their own reflection or memory. No man was more free from that odious habit of endeavoring to say "smart things," which sometimes mislead even persons of good repute for social talent.

Wirt's playfulness was contagious. It made his friends forget the time which was running by, and even the good cheer of a convivial meeting. An amusing evidence of this occurred in Baltimore before he became a resident of that city.—He was returning one night, about ten o'clock, to his lodgings from a visit, when his friend Meredith met him in the street, and invited him to join a little party, at his house, at supper. Wirt, either doubtful whether his friend was in earnest—for the character of the intercourse between them often rendered this a difficult point to determine—or struck with the incongruity of his challenge to a supper when he was about retiring to his bed, answered Meredith's invitation in a jocular way, saying,

"Yes, I'll come, and I'll give you enough of it!"

On Mr. Meredith's return home, he found there Dr. Pattison—who was then a resident of Baltimore, now a distinguished physician of Philadelphia—and detained him to supper. Wirt had not come when the party sat down to table, and Meredith had ceased to expect him, when, near the conclusion of the supper, he made his appearance. He took his seat, ate very moderately, and drank less. The supper was removed, and Wirt gave an intimation to the ladies who were present that, as it was bed-time, they had better retire. They obeyed, and Meredith, the doctor, and Wirt, found themselves sitting at the table alone. The cloth was drawn, and a small residuum of a decanter of Scotch whiskey, perhaps, was the only drinkable before them. That remained untouched, and was finally taken away. A snuff-box was placed on the table, and the party, as Meredith and Dr. Pattison supposed, was about to break up, it being after midnight. But Wirt was in excellent mood for conversation, and gave full play to all his resources. He took snuff freely, told stories of a lively cast, mooted questions of science of the gravest as well as the lightest import, provoked jocular discussions, and, in short, raised his comrades, to a key of enjoyment as high as his own. No one thought of the hour. They were eventually aroused to a consideration of the time they had spent over their solitary snuff-box, by the entrance of the servant and the opening of the shutters, which disclosed to them the broad daylight. Wirt had premeditated this adventure, and was greatly amused at his success, when he found his companions expressing their amazement at this unconscious lapse of the night.

MEN WITH TAILS.

A correspondent of the "Ledger," of this city, says:—

"Your article upon men with tails, induces me to furnish you with some additional facts upon the subject.

"In a work by Dr. Coxe, published some years since, entitled a refutation of the claims of Harvey, as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, (and which, *par parenthesis*, completely disproves his right to be so considered,) I find the following quotation from Harvey, (page 167.) I translate for the benefit of those who do not understand Latin.

"'An honest, worthy surgeon, well known to me, on his return from the East Indies, narrated to me, in good faith, that in the hilly parts of the Island of Borneo, remote from the sea, are at this day (1620) a race of tailed men and women, (as, according to Pausanias, was formerly also the case in his time,) one of whom, a young virgin, was captured, and was seen and examined by himself. She had a thick, fleshy tail, of the length of a span, (the word here means nine inches) reflected between the thighs, and covering the privy parts.' Harvey says he imagines this caudal extremity is furnished because it is '*tutamen pudicitiæ*,' and that '*usque adeo velari ea loca natura voluit*.' He evidently was a firm believer in the fact.

"In a French work, 'Les Voyages de Jean Struys, en Moscovie, Tartarie, Perse, et plusieurs autres pais etrangeres;' also in the 'Journal des Sçavans, 1681,' will be found the following statement: 'I have seen with my own eyes, in the Island of Formosa, that which has hitherto been known only by hearsay. *All* the inhabitants of the South part of that island, have tails hanging behind them, like that of a cow.'

"Thus, from the time of Pausanias to the present, we have occasional accounts of such anomalous races of men; and should Col. Ducouret's account prove to be correct, it will only be one more evidence of the truth of Solomon's assertion—'There is nothing new under the sun.'

"Perhaps some of your numerous readers may be able to furnish you with other facts upon this interesting subject, and I should be much pleased to see such published by you."

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

One of the most eccentric characters of modern times, died a few days ago at the Cochin Hospital at Paris. This man, whose name was Jules Andre Gueret, being possessed, when twenty-five years of age, of a considerable fortune, resolved never to marry. He converted his entire estate into hard cash, and, in order not to suffer any losses from failures, depreciation of property, &c., he kept his money in his own possession. He made the following calculation: "The life of a sober man extends over a period of seventy years; that of a man who denies himself no kind of amusement may attain fifty-five or sixty. Thus, the whole of my hopes cannot go beyond that period; at any rate, as a last resort, suicide is at my command." He divided his money into equal portions for each year's expenditure.

This division was so nicely arranged, that at the expiration of the sixtieth year, Gueret would have nothing left, and each year he scrupulously spent the sum set apart. But, alas! he had not reflected on the clinging attachment of man to life, for in 1813, having exceeded the prescribed period, he patiently submitted to his misfortune, and, being then old and infirm, he took his stand on the Quai des Celestins with a small box and a few lucifer matches, living on the charity of the passers-by. He wore suspended round his neck a piece of pasteboard, on which were written the following lines, of his own composition:

"Ayez pitie, passants, du pauvre Andre Gueret.
[illegible]"

The Cholera carried him of at last, to the great regret of the artists of the Ile St. Louis, whose leisure hours he whiled away, by the relation of his youthful recollections.

General News.

RUSSIAN SAILORS.—The Russian war steamer Kamschatka, which vessel was built in New York some years since, for the Emperor Nicholas, has been to Madeira, whither she conveyed the Duke of Reichstadt. She put into Southampton, both going and returning, and the Times says that upwards of £10,000 in Russian money were spent in that place by her officers and crew. The Times adds:

"The Russian officers politely allowed the inhabitants of Southampton to visit and inspect their ship. It certainly is a very fine one, but cleanliness is not considered on board, one of the cardinal virtues, as it is on board an English man-of-war. What astonished a visitor most was the mode of feeding the common sailor. A large wooden trough was filled with a sort of porridge made of ground beans and some fatty matter.—Two men stirred it with rakes, so as to make the admixture perfect. This was served out to the seamen in basins, and the men squatting on their haunches, ate it by means of wooden spoons with evident gusto."

THE PEARLASH SPRINGS, AT THE GREAT SALT LAKE.—Many people think that those wonderful springs do not exist; but they are there, and no mistake. Thousands of California emigrants, who stopped to rest at the Salt Lake, watered their cattle at the springs, and would pay no attention to the warnings of the Mormons not to let their cattle drink of the water so strongly impregnated with saleratus. They said it was all a Mormon humbug about the alkali being strong enough to kill their cattle, and the consequences were, that more than two thousand dead carcases of oxen now lie strewed along the way, and the very offensive smell caused thereby renders it almost impossible to travel near the road. The Mormons are making money by selling their produce to emigrants and buying things brought to them. By-and-bye, they intend starting an establishment to make pot and pearl ashes, from the water of these springs, which they think will be far more valuable, than all the gold mines about there.

NEW MODE OF BUILDING.—A small house may be built in the following manner, with a saving of expense, wherever lumber is as plenty and as cheap as in this city, and where planing can be done by machinery: Take two inch plank, plane them on one side, and tongue and groove them. Provide good sills, and erect the building by setting the planks upright; and battening the joints with strips of half an inch stuff, the strips two inches wide. This forms the outside wall. Furr out on the inside with half inch stuff, and lath to that. The half-inch furring gives sufficient room for the plastering to clinch, yet leaves the space too narrow for mice. For small one-story houses, this is a very pretty mode of building, cheaper than by studs and clap-boards, and in many respects, better. Several such houses have been built in this city, and give good satisfaction.—*Burlington Gazette.*

AMERICAN BUTTER.—We cut the following paragraph from the Scientific American. The subject is one worthy of the closest attention:

The Genesee Farmer, speaking of American butter in England, says that by foreign accounts, it is not so well packed or made as the Irish or the Dutch, and a great quantity of it has to be sold for grease, as being unfit to use. We believe the evil of this does not so much lie in the packing as in the way of collecting the cream. To make good butter the milk should never be *turned* when the cream is taken off. Let care be exercised in this respect, and then we will always have sweet butter from sweet cream. Or let the milk be churned without skimming—the way in which the best butter is produced. It would be well to pack the butter firkins inside of large firkins, filled between with salt.

RICHARDSON'S EXPEDITION.—Sir John Richardson, who went in search of Franklin's Arctic Expedition overland, has returned, having arrived at Santa St. Marie on the 28th ult. He discovered no traces of the expedition. Sir John left England in April, 1848, and from the Santa St. Maria, has made the voyage in canoes and boats and overland, a distance of three thousand and five hundred miles and back, by way of Lake of the Woods, Mackenzie's River, &c. After reaching the Arctic Ocean, they travelled five hundred miles along the coast. He speaks confidently of the existence of a northern passage; its practicability, he says, is another question, the summers being only from thirty to sixty days long. He goes by way of Toronto and Montreal to Boston.

MARRIAGES.—It is impossible to prevent males and females from being romantic in relation to marriages. The following announcements are quoted in proof:—

On the 20th of September, *on the rocks, in the Potomac*, by the Rev. D. Wilson, Mr. John W. Stover, of Harper's Ferry, Va., to Miss Margaret Ann Brooks, of Trenton, New Jersey.

On the 18th of September, *on the bridge*, at Harper's Ferry, by Rev. W. F. Irish, Mr. J. G. Weast, of Augusta County, to Miss Elizabeth F. Powell, of Page County, Virginia.

A WONDER IN CALIFORNIA.—One who has just returned from "El Dorado," says that a gentleman rather *dandily* dressed, and having *white kid gloves* on his hands, appeared a few months since in the streets of San Francisco, and made a prodigious "sensation." The white kids were the first that had been seen there, and at once attracted the attention and excited the curiosity of even the busy gold diggers. A crowd soon gathered around the man in gloves, and expressed their determination to dispose of him by raffle, as being the greatest curiosity in the country!

WESTERN RAILROADS.—The "Indiana and Bellefontaine" Railroad, extending from the terminus of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad to the Indiana line, is about to be commenced, and W. Milnor Roberts, Esq., of this city, has been appointed Engineer. Fifty miles of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, are under contract, and it is probable that, by the time the Pennsylvania road to Pittsburg is completed, there will be nearly a continuous communication by railroad all the way to St. Louis.

MR. CALHOUN.—The Courier and Enquirer learns that this distinguished statesman has devoted the past summer to the preparation of a treatise on the Elementary Principles of Government and the Constitution of the United States, which, it is probable, will be published by the Harpers, in connection with an edition of his Speeches, Reports, &c., which discuss constitutional questions. This work will be looked for with much interest by the public.

CHARLESTON AND THE WEST.—Preliminary steps have been taken to form a company having in view the construction of a Railroad from Nashville to the Ohio River, opposite Evansville, Indiana, being an extension of the line now constructing between Charleston and Nashville. By this chain of roads, Charleston will be connected with the trade of the great West, for which our Northern cities are now making such vast efforts.

THE BARRETT CASE.—It will be remembered that some time since, a man named John M. Barrett, was arrested at Spartanburg, S. C., on a charge of circulating incendiary document, known as the "Brutus Pamphlet." Since then, a true bill has been found against him by the Grand Jury of Spartanburg, and he has been admitted to bail in the sum of $1,000 to stand his trial at the next term.

DEATH PROFESSEDLY PREFERRED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE.—Cullen C. Johnson was last week found guilty of the murder of his wife, by poisoning, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for life. He was much dissatisfied with the verdict, and said he would prefer death.

☞ We have seldom heard of an instance of more beautiful simplicity than was evinced by a matter-of-fact witness on a riot-trial case, "Down-East."

"What were the mob doing when you first saw them?" was one of the questions asked by the District Attorney.

"They was a-singin," replied the witness.

"*Singing!*" exclaimed the public prosecutor; "what were they singing about?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, but they was a-singin', any how."

"Well, what *was* it? What were they *saying?* What did they seem to be *talking about?*"

"Wal, as far as I ree-collect," replied the witness, "they was a-talkin' abeout a man o' the name o' Tucker, who refused to come home to his tea."

This supreme specimen of ignorance and simplicity convulsed the whole court with laughter.

☞ Recently, at Brussels, whilst a man and his dog were sheltering under a tree during a storm, a flash of lightning struck the dog, and the animal, imagining itself to be attacked, sprang fiercely at its master, and bit him severely. The dog was ultimately torn away, and during the night died.

FRENCH LIBERTY.

Bryant, the poet and editor, in a recent letter from Paris, thus speaks of political liberty at present in France:

"At present there is very little political liberty in France, except the liberty of suffrage. The police can seize the printed sheets of any journal containing expressions which the Government happen to dislike, and prevent its circulation. The law punishes with severe penalties the vague offence of printing and publishing anything which is calculated to bring hatred and contempt on the Government, and therefore a trial by jury is allowed in such cases; all that the jury has to do is to say whether the obnoxious article was published or not; the Judges, who are the creatures of the Government, decide whether the law is violated or not. There is no chance, therefore, of escape when the Government has marked out its victim. People are arrested and detained by order of the Government, and there is no process like that of our habeas corpus to deliver them, if confined on a frivolous or insufficient pretext. There is no liberty of assembling to express public opinions on political questions, in addresses and resolutions, or we should have seen the entire people moving on the Roman question. In short, here is a Government, with popular forms, conducted in the worst spirit of oligarchy, and allowing ample scope for the exercise of the most capricious tyranny."

☞ "Will you take a hack, sir," exclaimed at least a dozen voices, so many times apiece, on a recent occasion. "Yes, I should like to take a *hack* at some of you."

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Bean, John B. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, Albert K. Wellington, R. S. James, Henry Platt, and E. A. Evans.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawes, John W. Armstrong, James Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, W. Ramsey and Perrin Locke.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee.

E. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

CHARLES S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

GEORGE H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 13.

There is a fair business doing in Flour, and the market though without material change, is still easier for the buyer. Sales of the day embrace 8,500 bbls. Common State is quoted $4,75a4,81¼; Straight $4,87½a5,00; New Michigan $5,00a5,12½; pure Genesee $5,18¾a5,25; Fancy Ohio and State at $5,37a5,87, and Extra do, at $5,62½a6,25. Included in the above were some parcels for the Provinces. Sour Flour is $4,00 for Michigan.

Southern Flour is in fair demand, and market steady. The sales are 500 bbls at $5,31¼a5,50, including Richmond country at the latter figure.

Rye Flour is without material change, and rather dull. About 200 bbls sold at $3,00a3,06¼.

There is no change in Meal, and 400 bbls sold.

Receipts down the Hudson—Flour 11,325.

ASHES are easier for Pearls, and quoted $6,25a6,31¼; Pots are $7. The sales are 120 bbls, and some lots on private terms. The stock on hand is 2,915 bbls. The receipts since the 1st January 32,344 bbls, showing an increase of 5,821 bbls over last year.

The movement in Cotton to-day is speculative, and some 1,300 bales changed hands at ¼ advance since yesterday morning. Spinners are not in market to-day. Fair Uplands are not plenty, and command 11¼a11¾; middling do. is 11a11¼.

There is but little doing in Wheat, and the figures are heavy. Sales of 2,000 bushels fair Genesee at $1,20.

Rye continues steady, and 7,000 bushels sold at 60c.

There is considerable Barley offering, but the market is heavy at 52a55c.

Oats are 35a37½c for Jersey, and 38a40c for Northern, with a good demand.

Corn is in active request, part for export, and quotations show no marked change; transactions add up 40,000 bushels at 62a63c for mixed, 64a65c for Southern, Northern and Western yellow and Southern white, on terms not made public.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 6th to the 12th Oct.

Oct 6, received from			
W. J. Munce	$3 00	A. Rowe	2 00
J. Lord	1 00	W. B. Zieber	4 00
W. C. Wiatt	2 00	Col H. Printz, Jr. Esq	6 20
L. B. Stephenson	2 50	R. L. Ridgeway	2 00
J. N. Love	1 00	S. T. Wright & Co.	15 00
B. Stehman	2 00	L. W. Burns & Co.	10 00
P. Hutchison	1 00	Mrs H. R. Allen	2 00
W. Lynch	5 00	Miss S. A. Ellis	2 00
S. E. Getty	2 00		
October 8			
A. Wynch	7 00	G. Senior	2 00
S. Augee	4 00	R. Prowitt	1 00
W. S. Ernest	2 00	W. L. Robison	5 00
Miss E. Hunt	1 00	M. Murepher	2 00
C. K. Wright	5 00	S. P. Carothers	1 00
C. G. Perry	5 00	G. Davis	5 00
W. Berry	1 00	N. D. French	3 00
H. Van Ostrand	6 25	W. E. Whittle	4 00
J. Young	2 00	I. E. James	20 00
Mrs. J. A. Berry	2 00	Mrs. E. S. Stokes	2 00
W. Craig	2 00	L. & J. Hays	2 00
W. Bassett	5 00	Miss S. S. Colton	2 00
W. J. Robinson	21 00		
October 9			
Dr. J. Martin	2 00	D. B. Bennett	1 00
W. Davis	2 00	A. Bell	2 00
Mrs. M. A. Rosser	2 00	H. G. Smith	20 00
W. H. Richardson	5 00	M. G. Sawyer	2 42
T. E. Blackshear	5 00	L. & J. Hale	5 00
J. L. Murphy	5 00	Mrs. E. N. Dunn	2 00
R. Edmondson	5 00	Mrs. S. A. Lewis	2 00
M. C. Bureton	5 00		
October 10			
J. H. Rollinger	2 00	M. Hassler	1 00
W. Congden	7 00	J. F. Green	1 00
J. D. Deibridge & Co	5 00	B. F. McMurtrie	2 00
J. Wilson	5 00	C. & H. Torrey	10 00
R. Harper	2 00	L. G. Dulles & Co.	10 00
W. Rankin	2 00	S. M. Morris & Co.	15 00
W. Fenner	1 00	Mrs. M. S. Rush	2 00
October 11			
M. A. Emmons	2 00	Miss M. Rank	4 00
A. Henwood	2 00	W. Cloud	2 00
C. C. Kennedy	2 00	T. W. Sunman	2 00
L. Lingo	2 00	F. D. Fox	3 00
J. Kirk	2 00	T. & B. Burton	10 00
J. Rubicam	2 00	H. R. Field & Co.	15 00
S. T. Parmelee	2 00	Mrs. H. S. Grant	2 00
J. H. Cook	6 25		
October 12			
J. Miller	6 00	D. McLaurin	1 00
M. Simpson	5 00	J. Killian	1 00
H. W. Chamberlin	5 00	Miss A. T. Bird	2 00
S. N. Howard	2 00	Mrs. S. B. Hall	2 00
W. J. Branch	2 00	L. & W. Farr	5 00
C. Parkhurst	2 00	W. W. Gordon & Co.	10 00
A. Buckman	42	J. B. Hart & Co.	10 00
C. Collins	2 00	W. P. Harding & Co.	15 00

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY B. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, *No. 26 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, October 20, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	12 dis
Girard do	par
Tradesmen's bk	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	1½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk.	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	½ dis
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	—
Yard Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk., Albany,	10 dis
James bank	½ dis
Atlas bank	60a70 dis
State bk.—Saugerties	1 dis
Northern Ex bk	½ dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis

VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branches	½ dis
Far Bk & branches	½ dis
Valley Bk & branch	½ dis
Ex Bk & branches	½ dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
Bk of St Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	2 dis
Georgia R R Co	2 dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	4 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
FLORIDA	
So Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	3 dis
MICHIGAN	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	4 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners Bank	—

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,200 head, and of these about 900 were sold. The prices of Beeves range from $5,50 to 7,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were 900 in the market and all sold from $5 to 5,25 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 in the market. Sales as follows: $25 to 38 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, $7 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—Offered, 1,600 Beeves, (900 Southern, the remainder from this State and the East,) 65 Cows and Calves, and 6,500 Sheep and Lambs. Prices, &c.—We have but little of importance to notice in Beeves this week; the yards are fairly stocked; the demand during the week has been up to the average, and prices to-day are firm. Sales of good retailing qualities at from $5,50 to $7,50; about 200 left over. A lot of 80 head shipped to Bermuda. Sales of Cows and Calves at $22,50 to $30a$45, according to quality; 15 unsold. Sheep and Lambs.—The supplies are on the increase, and prices, if anything, are a shade easier; sales of sheep at $1,25 to $2,75a$4,50; Lambs $1a$2 to $3,25; 500 remain over unsold.

From the Gazette.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SCROFULA, AND DISEASES OF THE THROAT.—We understand that Dr. Partridge, 195 Spruce street, Philadelphia, has, for the last five years, given his attention to the treatment of these diseases, and with *great success*; his practice, consequently, has become very large, and his patients are from all sections of the country; he fully merits it all, as he spent a long time in the Hospitals of Europe in the study of these diseases. If the afflicted, instead of spending their money with the doctors, who do not understand their diseases, and for quack medicines, and by these means destroy their constitutions and their lives, would place themselves under Dr. P.'s treatment, they might very soon be cured. We have heard of many cases, and some of very long standing, that have been cured, which have indeed astonished us—these we consider as important as the most brilliant achievements in surgery. 1t*

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1849.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
20 Saturday,	6 36	5 24	5 24	
21 Sunday,	6 37	5 23	6 11	D. H. M.
22 Monday,	6 38	5 22	6 59	
23 Tuesday,	6 39	5 21	7 47	Full 2 12 43
24 Wedn'sday,	6 41	5 19	8 34	Last 8 7 55
25 Thursday,	6 42	5 18	9 22	New 16 12 36
26 Friday,	6 43	5 17	10 9	First 24 2 19
27 Saturday,	6 44	5 16	10 56	Full 31 12 2

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct. 7,	52	52	51
8,	49	55	56
9,	50	57	60
10,	53	55	58
11,	49	55	57
12,	56	56	57
13,	51	59	61

Marriages.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rondthaler, BENJ. F. SCHNELLY, of Bethlehem, Pa. to ANNA MARIA, daughter of Mr. Valentine Heist, of Philadelphia.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. G. W. Lybrand, Mr. SAMUEL CUPS, to Miss ESTHER LAFFERTY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bradford, GEORGE S. HARRIS, to Miss ANNA M. THOMPSON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. at the Spring House, Montgomery county, Pa. by the Rev. John S. Christine, Mr. J. WESLEY HUNT, of Trenton, N. J. to Miss HANNAH MARTHA, daughter of Mr. Reuben Yocum, of the former place.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. JOHN SAUNDERS, to Miss SARAH A. LOTT, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 4th inst. at Rosenheim, near Germantown, by the Rev. Robert W. Landis, JOSEPH LENNIG, to SALLIE, adopted daughter of Abram Martin, Esq. all of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. ALINNIAS HOLBY, to Miss MARY E. BEAN, both of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. WM. ANDERSON, to Miss SARAH CAMPBELL, both of Kensington.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, JAMES SILCOX, to Miss CORNELIA A. CHEETHAM, of Philadelphia.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. David Shields, Mr. NEHEMIAH B. HUTTON, to Miss CATHARINE STIDHAM, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Coleman, EDWARD PIQUE, Esq. of Philadelphia, to Miss FRANCES, daughter of Capt. Chas. Weller, of Oxford, England.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. CHARLES F. BAKER, to Miss MARIE LAURENCE, daughter of Chas. Martel, of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. RICHARD COMPTON, to Miss CHRISTIANNA FLICK, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. H. W. Ducachet, D. D. THOMAS NEILSON, Esq. to Miss SARAH C. LEWIS, daughter of Wm. D. Lewis, Esq. all of this city.

Deaths.

On Thursday, the 20th ult. SARAH ANN, wife of Dr. Owen H. Wily, of Maidencreek, in her 36th year.

On the 12th instant, JACOB, son of Edward and Ann Hughes, aged 4 years.

On the 10th inst. Miss LUCY B. HOFFNER, aged 19 years and 7 months.

On the 11th inst. EBENEZER LEVICK, aged 70 years.

On the 11th inst. HELEN, wife of John Struthers, aged 56 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH SMITH, aged 78.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. MARY FORD, aged 73 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. DELINDA, wife of Mr. Alex. McCoy, aged 25 years.

On the 11th inst. WM. FEENEY, aged 47 years.

On the 11th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of John and Sophia Eckard, aged 6 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. GEORGE ASHTON, aged 42.

On the 11th inst. WM. DOUGHERTY, aged 9 months.

On the 10th inst. NANCY, wife of Mark Donnelly, aged 69 years.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. LYDIA SHAFFER, aged 74.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. REBECCA MACE.

On the 11th inst. HIRAM, son of Joseph and Rosanna Parker, aged 20 months.

On the 10th inst. JOHN W. son of Mires and Harriet Miller.

On the 10th inst. Mr. CONRAD CANN, aged 47.

On the 10th inst. JEREMIAH M'SHANE, aged 17.

On the 12th inst. JOHN HOOVER, aged 3 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. MARY MILLER, aged 56.

On the 10th inst. Mr. FREDERICK ACKER, aged 31.

On the 10th inst. GEORGE JAMES, son of James and Susan Knox, aged 14 months.

On the 10th inst. in Radnor Township, Del. county, Pa. Mrs. MARY LLOYD, aged 87 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. CHARLES HIMMELWRIGHT, aged 27 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. MARGARET MITCHELL, aged 85.

On the 9th inst. SARAH JANE, daughter of John and Jane L. Zebley, aged 17 years.

On the 9th inst. DAVID W. MORRIS, aged 4 months.

On the 9th inst. CLARISSA MARSH, daughter of Robt. C. and Clarissa Pyle.

On the 9th inst. SARAH ANN, daughter of Douglass and Elizabeth White, aged 3 months.

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WM. DANIELS,
SAM'L R. SMITH,
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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME—JULY 1849.

G. R. GRAHAM, J. R. CHANDLER, J. B. TAYLOR, EDITORS.

THE vast increase of our last volume has totally exhausted our supply of numbers, and we propose *to commence a volume of unrivalled splendor with the July number.*

Our distinguished artist, W. E. Tucker, Esq., has been sent by us to Europe, to secure, with the aid of American artists abroad, a succession of most Splendid Illustrations, and thus, with the aid of our home force, we shall present every novelty as it arises fresh to our readers.

COLORED PLATES, OF GREAT BEAUTY, will be furnished to our readers hereafter, in addition to the usual elegant steel and mezzotint engravings which we monthly present to them. We shall commence the first with a series of plates of Colored Wild and Cage Birds of rare beauty; designs for these are now in the hands of our artists.

Our July number will contain the commencement of a POWERFUL NOVEL, from the pen of H. W. Herbert, Esq., entitled "Jasper St. Aubyn; or the Powers of Passion"—the very best story we have read for a year past. It will also contain an admirable mezzotint likeness of the late distinguished GEN. KEARNEY, being a continuation of our Portraits of American Heroes—a feature peculiar to this Magazine, which devotes its efforts to the glory and success of American Men, American Literature and American Art; thus making it a truly National Work in every respect. These are some of our arrangements for the future—the rest we reserve from the knowledge of our imitators.

TERMS.

For THREE DOLLARS, in advance, (par money in the States from which it is remitted,) *One Copy of Graham* and a copy of a

LARGE AND MAGNIFICENT PRINT,

from the burin of an English artist. (This Print is considered by all who have seen it, to be one of the most beautiful specimens of Art ever presented by any magazine publishers.

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Six copies of the Magazine, and Nine of the Post for TWENTY DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to "Graham's Magazine," during the year between the 1st of December, 1848, and the 1st of December, 1849, (the Magazine to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.*

The Magazine will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agent through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

☞ Postage on all letters to be prepaid. Address, SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO., 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, *and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach in either male or female:*

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heart-burn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the Sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of evil and great depression of Spirits can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH are sources of insanity, and will also produce disease of the *Heart, Skin, Lungs, and Kidneys*, and lays the body open to an attack of the *Cholera, Bilious, or Yellow Fever*, and is generally the first cause of that most baneful disease, *Consumption.*

OPINIONS OF THE PHILADA. PRESS.

The Dispatch, December 31st, says:—AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE.—We have frequently heard the Celebrated German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Hoofland, spoken of in terms of commendation, and we know deservedly so. It is a too common practice, in certain quarters, to puff all manner of useless trash, but in the case of the above Bitters, hundreds are living witnesses of their great moral and physical worth.—As a medicine for the Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Nervous Debility and Dyspepsia, it has been found invaluable, effecting cures and thoroughly eradicating disease, when all other medicines have failed. We feel convinced, that in the use of the German Bitters, the patient does not become debilitated, but constantly gains strength and vigor to the frame—a fact worthy of great consideration. The Bitters are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be administered under any circumstances to the most delicate stomach. Indeed, they can be used by all persons with the most perfect safety. It would be well for those who are much affected in the nervous systems, to commence with one tea spoonful or less, and gradually increase. We speak from experience, and are, of course, a proper judge. The press far and wide, have united in recommending the German Bitters, and to the afflicted we most cordially advise their use.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

It is from one of our first druggists—the proprietor of the "Medicated Worm Syrup."

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 22d, 1848.

Dear Sir—It is with much pleasure that I testify to the extraordinary virtues of your German Bitters, having sold largely of them these last few months to various persons, afflicted with Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Debility of the Nervous System. I can say conscientiously, that they are the best articles of the kind I have ever sold, (and I deal in all the popular medicines,) and I consider it the only medicine for the above diseases before the public.

I have never sold one bottle that has not given satisfaction, and brought forth the commendation of those who used it.

I deem this my duty both to you as the proprietor of this highly valuable article, and to those afflicted with the above complaints, that they may know of its curative properties and to enable them to select the good from the various articles with which our market is flooded. With much respect, I remain yours, &c.

J. N. HOBENSACK, Druggist,
Corner of Second and Coates streets.

Can stronger testimony be adduced by any Proprietor before the public? A single bottle will convince any one of their power over disease. They are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, and will permanently destroy the most obstinate costiveness, and give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient; being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances.

For Sale Wholesale and Retail at the principal depot, GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 278 RACE STREET, one door above EIGHTH, Philadelphia, and by Jones F. Long, Lancaster.—D. W. Gross, Harrisburg.—Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg.—Jno. Ritter & Co., Reading.—J. H. Eustace & Son, Richmond, Va.—M. A. Santos, Norfolk, Va.—Haviland, Harral & Co., Charleston; Boatwright & Miot, Columbia; Anderson & Barksdale, Laurens, C. H., S. C.; W. Haines, Augusta, Geo., and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States. my26-ly

FASHIONABLE BLINDSTORE.—The undersigned having taken the store formerly occupied by J. W. Cassady, No. 7 Hart's Buildings, Sixth above Chesnut street, where he has on hand Blinds of original Patterns, Colors and Trimmings, and will manufacture to order warranted to be equal to any in the United States, would respectfully invite the public to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Manufactory and store 347 Race street, below 10th. Sale store No. 7 Hart's Building.

ROBERT W. KENSIL,
ap14-1y Practical Blind Maker.

Selected Poetry.

OCTOBER.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every Western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground;
And, sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightsome moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West,
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But, changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast
When life is fresh and joy is new,
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And transient all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath
Which Hope about her forehead twines
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial-pageant of the Spring:
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side!

Biographical Sketch.

EDGAR A. POE.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Edgar Allan Poe is dead. He died in Baltimore on Sunday, September 7. This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it. The poet was known, personally or by reputation, in all this country; he had readers in England, and in several of the States of Continental Europe; but he had few or no friends; and the regrets for his death will be suggested principally by the consideration that in him literary art has lost one of its most brilliant but erratic stars.

The family of Mr. Poe—we learn from Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," from which a considerable portion of the facts in this notice are derived—was one of the oldest and most respectable in Baltimore. David Poe, his paternal grandfather, was a Quartermaster-General in the Maryland line during the Revolution, and the intimate friend of Lafayette, who during his last visit to the United States, called personally upon the General's widow, and tendered her acknowledgments for the services rendered to him by her husband. His great-grandfather, John Poe, married in England, Jane, a daughter of Admiral James McBride, noted in British naval history, and claiming kindred with some of the most illustrious English families. His father and mother—both of whom were in some way connected with the theatre, and lived as precariously as their more gifted and more eminent son—died within a few weeks of each other, of consumption, leaving him an orphan, at two years of age. Mr. John Allan, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Virginia, took a fancy to him, and persuaded his grandfather to suffer him to adopt him. He was brought up in Mr. Allan's family; and as that gentleman had no other children, he was regarded as his son and heir. In 1816, he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Allan to Great Britain, visited every portion of it, and afterward passed four or five years in a school kept at Stoke Newington, near London, by Rev. Dr. Bransby. He returned to America in 1822, and in 1825 went to the Jefferson University, at Charlottesville, in Virginia, where he led a very dissipated life, the manners of the college being at that time extremely dissolute. He took the first honors, however, and went home greatly in debt. Mr. Allan refused to pay some of his debts of *honor*, and he hastily quitted the country on a Quixotic expedition to join the Greeks, then struggling for liberty. He did not reach his original destination, however, but made his way to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where he became involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by the late Mr. Henry Middleton, the American Minister at that capital. He returned home in 1829, and immediately afterward entered the Military Academy at West-Point. In about eighteen months from that time, Mr. Allan, who had lost his first wife while Mr. Poe was in Russia, married again. He was sixty-five years of age, and the lady was young; Poe quarreled with her, and the veteran husband, taking the part of his wife, addressed him an angry letter, which was answered in the same spirit. He died soon after, leaving an infant son the heir to his property, and bequeathed Poe nothing.

The army in the opinion of the young cadet, was not a place for a poor man; so he left West-Point abruptly, and determined to maintain himself by authorship. He printed, in 1827, a small volume of poems, most of which were written in early youth. Some of these poems are quoted in a review by Margaret Fuller, in the Tribune in 1846, and are justly regarded as among the most wonderful exhibitions of the precocious development of genius. They illustrated the character of his abilities, and justified his anticipations of success. For a considerable time, however, though he wrote readily and brilliantly, his contributions to the journals attracted little attention, and his hopes of gaining a livelihood by the profession of literature were nearly ended, at length, in sickness, poverty and despair. But in 1831, the proprietor of a weekly gazette, in Baltimore, offered two premiums, one for the best story in prose, and the other for the best poem. In due time Poe sent in two articles, and he waited anxiously for the decision. One of the Committee was the accomplished author of "Horse Shoe Robinson," John P. Kennedy; and his associates were scarcely less eminent than he for wit and critical sagacity. Such matters are usually disposed of in a very off-hand way: Committees to avoid literary prizes drink to the payer's health, in good wines, over the unexamined MSS, which they submit to the discretion of publishers, with permission to use their names in such a way as to promote the publisher's advantage. So it would have been in this case, but that one of the Committee, taking up a little book, in such exquisite calligraphy as to seem like one of the finest issues of the press of Putnam, was tempted to read several pages; and being interested, he summoned the attention of the company to the half-dozen compositions in the volume. It was unanimously decided that the prizes should be paid to the first of genius who had written legibly. Not another MS. was unfolded. Immediately the "confidential envelop" was opened, and the successful competitor was found to bear the scarcely known name of Poe.

The next day the publisher called to see Mr. Kennedy, and gave him an account of the author that excited his curiosity and sympathy, and caused him to request that he should be brought to his office. Accordingly he was introduced: the prize money had not yet been paid, and he was in the costume in which he had answered the advertisement of his good fortune. Thin, and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A tattered frock-coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and the ruins of boots disclosed more than the want of stockings. But the eyes of the young man were luminous with intelligence and feeling, and his voice, and conversation, and manners, all won upon the lawyer's regard. Poe told his history, and his ambition, and it was determined that he should not want means for a suitable appearance in society, nor opportunity for a just display of his abilities in literature. Mr. Kennedy accompanied him to a clothing store, and purchased for him a respectable suit, with changes of linen, and sent him to a bath, from which he returned with the suddenly-regained bearing of a gentleman.

The late Mr. Thomas W. White had then recently established The Southern Literary Messenger, at Richmond, and upon the warm recommendation of Mr. Kennedy, Poe was engaged, at a small salary—we believe of $500 a year—to be its editor. He entered upon his duties with letters full of expressions of the warmest gratitude to his friends in Baltimore, who in five or six weeks were astonished to learn that with characteristic recklessness of consequences, he was hurriedly married to a girl as poor as himself. Poe continued in his situation about a year and a half, in which he wrote many brilliant articles, and raised the Messenger to the first rank of literary periodicals.

He next removed to Philadelphia, to assist William E. Burton in the editorship of the Gentleman's Magazine, a miscellany that in 1840 was merged in Graham's Magazine, of which Poe became one of the principal writers, particularly in criticism, in which his papers attracted much attention, by their careful and skillful analysis, and generally caustic severity. At this period, however, he appears to have been more ambitious of securing distinction in romantic fiction, and a collection of his compositions in this department, published in 1841, under the title of "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," established his reputation for ingenuity, imagination, and extraordinary power in tragical narration.

Near the end of 1844, Poe removed to New York, where he conducted for several months a literary miscellany called "The Broadway Journal." In 1845, he published a volume of "Tales," in Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books, and in the same series a collection of his poems. Beside these volumes he was the author of "Arthur Gordon Pym," a romance; "A New Theory of English Versification;" "Eureka," an essay on the material and spiritual universe; a work which he wished to have "judged as a poem;" and several extended series of papers in the periodicals, the most noticeable of which are "Marginalia," embracing opinions of books and authors; "Secret Writing," "Autography," and "Sketches of the Literati of New York."

His wife died in 1847, at Fordham, near this city, and some of our readers will remember the paragraphs in the papers of the time, upon his destitute condition. His wants were supplied by the liberality of a few individuals. We remember that Col. Webb collected in a few moments fifty or sixty dollars for him at the Union Club; S. D. Lewis, of Brooklyn, sent a similar sum from one of the Courts, in which he was engaged when he saw the statement of the poet's poverty; and others illustrated in the same manner the effect of such an appeal to the popular heart.

Since that time Mr. Poe had lived quietly and with an income from his literary labors sufficient for his support. A few weeks ago he proceeded to Richmond in Virginia, where he lectured upon the poetical character, &c.; and it was understood by some of his correspondents here that he was this week to be married most advantageously, to a lady of that city, a widow, to whom he had been previously engaged while a student in the University.

The character of Mr. Poe we cannot attempt to describe in this very hastily written article. We can but allude to some of its more striking phases.

His conversation was at times almost supra-mortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked repose or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed, or was changeless in pallor, as his imagination quickened his blood or drew it back frozen to his heart. His imagery was from the worlds which no mortals can see but with the vision of genius. Suddenly starting from a proposition, exactly and sharply defined in terms of utmost simplicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic, and by a crystalline process of accretion, built up his occular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, or in those of the most airy and delicious beauty—so minutely, and distinctly, yet so rapidly, that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations—till he himself dissolved the spell, and brought his hearers back to common and base existence, by vulgar fancies or exhibitions of the ignoblest passion.

He was at all times a dreamer—dwelling in ideal realms—in heaven or hell—peopled with the creatures and the accidents of his brain. He walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer, (never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned, but) for their happiness who at the moment were objects of his idolatry;—or, with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms; and all night, with drenched garments and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn close by whose portals his disturbed soul sought to forget the ills to which his constitution subjected him—close by the Aidenn where were those he loved—the Aidenn which he might never see, but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy natures whose destiny to sin did not involve the doom of death.

He seemed, except when some fitful pursuit subjugated his will and engrossed his faculties, always to bear the memory of some controlling sorrow. The remarkable poem of *The Raven* was probably much more nearly than has been supposed, even by those who were very intimate with him, a reflection and an echo of his own history. *He* was that bird's

—Unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
Till his songs the burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope, the
Melancholy burden bore
Of "Nevermore," of "nevermore."

Every genuine author in a greater or less degree leaves in his work, whatever their design, traces of his personal character: elements of his immortal being, in which the individual survives the person. While we read the pages of the *Fall of the House of Usher*, or of *Mesmeric Revelations*, we see in the solemn and stately gloom which invests one, and in the subtle metaphysical analysis of both, indications of the idiosyncracies,—of what was most remarkable and peculiar—in the author's intellectual nature. But we see here only the better phases of this nature, only the symbols of his juster action, for his harsh experienced had deprived him of all faith, in man or woman. He had made up his mind upon the numberless complexities of the social world, and whole system with him was an imposture. This conviction gave a direction to his shrewd and naturally unamiable character. Still, though he regarded society as composed altogether of villains, the sharpness of his intellect was not of that kind which enabled him to cope with villainy, while it continually caused him by overshots to fail of the success of honesty. He was in many respects like Francis Vivian in Bulwer's novel of "The Caxtons." "Passion, in him, comprehended many of the worst emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him, but you raised quick choler; you could not speak of wealth, but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. The astonishing natural advantages of this poor boy—his beauty, his readiness, the daring spirit that breathed around him like a fiery atmosphere—had raised his constitutional self-confidence into an arrogance that turned his very claims to admiration into prejudices against him. Irascible, envious—bad enough, but not the worst, for these salient angels were all varnished over with a cold repellent cynicism, his passions vented themselves in sneers. There seemed to him no moral susceptibility; and, what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honor. He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, not serve—succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit."

We have suggested the influence of his aims and vicissitudes upon his literature. It was more conspicuous in his later than in his earlier writings. Nearly all that he wrote in the last two or three years—including much of his best poetry—was in some sense biographical; in draperies of his imagination, those who had taken the trouble to trace his steps, could perceive, but slightly concealed, the figure of himself. In the following exquisite specimen of versification, the cadence of which are so natural, and in such keeping, there is illustrated less of the creative faculty than in most of his pieces. It was addressed to a woman of kindred genius, to whom, it is not a secret that sometime since the death of his first wife, he was for a short time engaged to be married. We know the scene, in a neighboring city; and we know that the incident of his seeing the person under such circumstances is literally true:

TO ———.

I saw thee once—once only—years ago:
I must not say how many—but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitant pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.
Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell on the faces of the upturned roses,
And on thine own, upturned—alas! in sorrow.
Was it not Fate that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out:
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more: the very roses' odors
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.
All, all expired save thee—save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a woe, yet how sublime a hope!
How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!
But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained.
They would not go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me, they lead me through the years
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty, to be saved by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire—
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with beauty, (which is hope,)
And are far up in Heaven, the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!

There are, perhaps, some of our readers who will understand the allusions of the following beautiful poem. Mr. Poe presented it in MS. to the writer of these paragraphs, just before he left New York, recently, remarking that it was the last thing he had written:

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And the maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea.
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

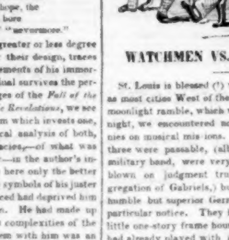
We must omit any particular criticism of Mr. Poe's works. As a writer of tales it will be admitted generally, that he was scarcely surpassed in ingenuity of construction or effective painting. As a critic, he was more remarkable as a dissecter of sentences than as a commentator upon ideas; he was little better than a carping grammarian. As a poet, he will retain a most honorable rank. Of his "Raven," Mr. Willis observes that, in his opinion, "it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift." In poetry, as in prose, he was most successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art. They illustrate a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, a shadowy and gloomy imagination, and a taste almost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty most agreeable to his temper.

We have not learned the circumstances of his death. It was sudden, and from the fact that it occurred in Baltimore, it is to be presumed that he was on his return to New York.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

LUDWIG.

Wit and Humor.



WATCHMEN VS. SERENADERS.

St. Louis is blessed (?) with as many serenaders as most cities West of the Alleghanies. In a short moonlight ramble, which we took on last Tuesday night, we encountered no less than four companies on musical missions. The efforts of the first three were passable, (albeit those of one—a full military band, were very like resurrection calls blown on judgment trumpets by a large congregation of Gabriels,) but the fourth party, two humble but superior German violinists, deserve a particular notice. They had stopped in front of a little one-story frame house, on Benton Street, and had already played with infinite skill and taste, a *pot-pourri*, including the gems of several operas, when they were interrupted by the arrival of a watchman, who, it seems, had been listening at the street corner from the beginning.

"Well, I hope you're going to stop *now*, won't you?" said Charley, as, stick in hand, he placed himself before him.

"No, not yet—why?" answered one of the musicians, stopping in the middle of a *souvenir*.

"Because you're on *my* beat, gentlemen," returned the guardian, "and I've got positive orders to suppress every disturbance of the peace on my beat."

"Why, bless you, man, you don't understand. They're pickings from the very best operas—it's a serenade!"

"Oh, come," returned Charley, with a knowing nod of the head, "you can't gammon me with that. A serenade, indeed! Why, it's exactly half an hour, by the town clock, that *you've been rosining your fiddles!* No, no, that won't do," he continued. "If you've got any good grounds for spite against the man, I wouldn't mind your having it out; but you must do it some other way. A serenade, indeed! Well, that's a good one."

The musicians remonstrated, but Charley was positive, and they finally submitted, calling down anathemas on his stupidity as they turned from the house.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

ASSERTIONS.—A contemporary, who appears to be a right-line descendant of Solomon, gives the following as specimens of the folly of poor human nature. The fact is, there is altogether too much of human nature in man:

To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache. To spend your earnings in liquor, and wonder that you are ragged. To sit shivering in the cold, because you won't have a fire till November. To suppose that reviewers generally read more than the title page of the works they praise or condemn. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bed time."

FASHIONS.—The following report of "Fashions for the Month," is from *Punch*, in London:

"Coats are very much worn, particularly at the elbows, and are trimmed with a shining substance, which gives them a very glossy appearance. A rim of white runs down the seams, and the covering of the buttons is slightly opened, so as to show the wooden material under it. Hats are now slightly indented at the top, and we have seen several in which part of the brim is sloped off without any particular regard to the quantity abstracted. Walking dresses are very much dotted just now with brown spots of a mud color, thrown on quite irregularly, and the heels of the stockings may sometimes be seen trimmed with the same material. A sort of basket work is now a great deal seen as a head dress, and in these cases it is strewed over with a little silver fish, something like a common sprat, which gives it a light and graceful character."

JUST MISSED IT.—"Bob," said a tormenting friend to a bachelor acquaintance, "why don't you get married?"

"Well, I don't know; I came very near it once. Just missed it."

"You did? Let's hear it."

"Why, I asked a girl if I should see her home from a party one evening, and she said No! If she'd said yes, I think I should have courted and married her. That's the nearest I ever came to getting married."

His friend was satisfied.

ANTIQUITY.—A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his most ancient. "Mine," said the disciple of Lycurgus, "commenced almost with the world's era! Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in common law!" "True," rejoined Esculapius, "but my profession is coeval with the creation itself. Old Mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, and that was a *Surgical Operation*." The lawyer dropped his bag.

[illegible]—One of the police, the other night, in going his rounds, found an individual in a desperate situation, to whom he offered his assistance to see him home, which was most willingly accepted. On the way, the individual entered into an explanation of the why and wherefore of his present predicament. "You observe," said he, "that I stagger considerable, but perhaps you don't know the reason why, and I'll tell you. You see I went up to see the engine company to-day, and a nice young lady, sitting at an upper window, fell in love with me, and it worked upon my feelings so that it took all the strength out of my joints, so you'll just have compassion on me, and use me well."—*Lynn News.*

☞ "Little boy how many kinds of fire are there?"

"Four, sir."

"What are they called?"

"Wood fire, coal fire, camfire, and fire away like fury."

"That will do; you may go to the head."—*Mrs. Partington's School.*

☞ ON A STRIKE.—The Knickerbocker says: "One of our tailors was on 'a strike' yesterday. He struck his wife, then upset his eldest boy into the slop-pail, and finally threw all the tea things out of the third story window."

Selected Articles.

ÆRIAL NOCTURNAL EXCURSION FROM MARSEILLES TO TURIN.

Mr. Arban, the aeronaut, ascended in his balloon from the Chateau de Fleurs, (the Vauxhall of Marseilles,) at half-past six in the evening of the 2nd of September, and alighted at the village of Pion Forte, near Turin, the following morning at half-past two, having accomplished the distance, about four hundred miles, in eight hours. The particulars of this voyage, as related by M. Arban himself, are as follows:

"I ascended from the Chateau de Fleurs on Sunday evening, the 2nd instant, at half-past six. At eight I was over the wood of Esterel, where I ascertained I was at the height of 4,000 metres. The temperature of the air was cold, but dry; my centigrade thermometer marked four degrees below zero. The wind was South-West, and sent me over Nice. For nearly two hours, surrounded by very dense clouds, my cloak no longer sufficed to keep me warm; I suffered much from cold feet. I nevertheless determined to proceed and to traverse the Alps, from which I knew I was not far distant.

"My provision of ballast was enough to raise me above the highest peaks. The cold gradually increased, the wind became steady, and the moon lighted me like the sun. I was at the foot of the Alps; the snows, cascades, rivers, all were sparkling; the ravines and rocks produced masses of darkness which served as shadows to the gigantic picture. The wind now interrupted the regularity of my course. I was occasionally obliged to ascend, in order to pass over the peaks. I reached the summit of the Alps at 11 o'clock, and as the horizon became clear, and my course regular, I began to think of supping. I was now at an elevation of four thousand six hundred metres. It was indispensably necessary for me to pursue my journey and reach Piedmont. Chaos only was under me, and to alight in these regions was impossible. After supper, I threw my empty bottle into the snow beneath, where possibly some adventurous traveller will one day find it, and will be led to conclude that another before him had explored the same desert regions.

"At half-past one in the morning, I was over Mount Misso, which I knew, having explored it in my first journey to Piedmont. There the Durance and the Po take their source. I reconnoitred their position, and discovered the magnificent plains of the mountain. Before this certainty, a singular optical delusion, occasioned by the shining of the moon upon the snow, made me at first think myself over the open sea. But as the South-West wind had not ceased to blow, I was convinced of this fact, as well as by others I had noticed, that I could not be over the sea. The stars confirmed the accuracy of my compass, and the appearance of Mont Blanc satisfied me that I must be approaching Turin. Mont Blanc, to my left, on a level with the top of which I was, being far above the cloud, resembled an immense block of crystal, sparkling with a thousand fires.

"At a quarter to three, Mount Viso, which was behind me, proved to me that I was in the neighborhood of Turin. I determined to alight, which I did without any difficulty, having ballast enough to go much farther. I alighted near a large farm-yard, where I was surrounded by several watch dogs, from whose caresses I was protected by my cloak. Their barking awakened the peasants, who were more surprised than frightened at seeing me. They admitted me to their house; informed me that it was half-past two, and that I was in the village of Peon Forte, near Stubini, six kilometres from Turin. I passed the remainder of the night in the farm-house, and in the morning the peasants accompanied me to the mayor, who delivered me a certificate, attesting my arrival, &c. After packing up my balloon and car, I set out for Turin, where I arrived at nine in the morning."

GEMS FROM LONGFELLOW.

"Morality without religion is only a kind of dead-reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies."

"Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered the best which fairly prostrates the purchaser."

"Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone."

"With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground."

"The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high, as in the enthusiasm of youth we sometimes imagine. To many the trumpet of fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like laborers from the field, at dinner-time, and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner."

"The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken."

"Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author."

"The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still."

"The same object, seen from the three different points of view—the Past, the Present, and the Future—often exhibit three different faces to us; like those sign-boards over shop doors which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed."

"In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity."

"Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it. Others see faults in a book much larger than the book itself; as Sancho Panza, with his eyes blinded, beheld from his wooden horse the earth no larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men and women on it as large as hazel-nuts."

"Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of Time. We look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone; for the friends of our childhood, they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river."

"As no saint can be canonized until the Devil's Advocate has exposed all his evil deeds, and showed why he should not be made a saint, so no poet can take his station among the gods until the critics have said all that can be said against him."

LIBERTY.—Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear, at certain seasons, in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise, were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love, and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!—*Macaulay.*

MEN OF WAR.—*What They Cost.*—The Albany Knickerbocker pithily says: "Three of the most expensive luxuries nations can possibly indulge in, are wars, bass drums and heroes;" and, in proof, states that in England the Duke of Wellington, since 1811, has received in military pay, bounties, grants, &c., about $14,000,000! or some $400,000 per year—more than we pay Congress, Senate, President and thirty-one State Governors. Why, that great sum would educate some 95,000 of the poor children of the English peasantry, and yet it is all spent by one man.

Humorous Poetry.

THE WADDLES.

[We have been requested to republish the following excellent piece of humorous poetry. It was written, we believe, by the late Mr. Samuel J. Smith, of Burlington, New Jersey. If we remember the circumstances aright, Mr. Smith had previously published some articles over the signature of "Neighbor Ephraim," to which the following was intended as a tart reply from one of his indignant lady readers.]

TO NEIGHBOR EPHRAIM.

Sir:—
I have long wished to tell you a piece of my mind,
But somehow, since my marriage, I hardly ever can find
Half an hour of leisure to write a line or two,
The mistress of a family has such a world of things to do.
You will observe I write in verse; I always had a powerful
Propensity to poetry, though my uncle used to look so scornful
As vengeance when I scribbled to the muse, and had the conscience
To call it scribbling to a fiddle-stick, and miserable nonsense!
But my aunt said, "she was sure in reason I had a genius;"
For I couldn't knit a stocking fit to throw at a dog, and, between us,
I was never particularly fond of work, though not averse to some
Domestic manufacture, but that's neither here nor there.
My husband is a worthy, respectable man of course,
But he has very little more taste for poetry than a horse,
And is quite as willing, like many well meaning men,
To see his wife's fingers busy with the needle as the pen;
So not willing to displease him, and hating domestic faces,
I seldom write unless he's out, which seldom enough the case is;
But the day before yesterday, I thought would nicely do
To write a little for the "Visitor," and a friendly hint to you;
For my husband, after breakfast, set off for a vendue,
Which was likely to detain him a chief part of the day;
So I got my pen and paper out and put my work away,
And told Sally to put a couple of potatoes in the skillet to smother,
And the cold bit of pie to warm, and go and see her mother,
For you know it would be nonsense to cook a load of meat,
When there was only me at home, and I did not want to eat;
But I had hardly written a minute or two, when open bounced the door,
And in came my husband, followed by two or three more;
"My dear," says he, "we found the vendue had been adjourned,
So I got these friends to stop and take dinner as they returned."
"Indeed, my dear," says I, "I'm afraid there's none to take,
For I was writing a little poetry, and Sally!"—but I stopped, for I saw him make
A very disagreeable face,—"I wish your abominable poetry—but, however,"
Says he, "do now stir at least, and get us something clever."
Only think! I borrowed Mrs. Fidget's lame boy, Dick,
To clean knives and wait at table, for Solomon has a trick
Of being away always when he's wanted; my husband was in a fret,
Which did not make things better, but he is very apt to get
A little out of humor, when he is like to lose his dinner.
What Cannibals the men are; I often tell them a thinner
Whole of an egg sort of diet, would have an excellent effect
On both body and mind, but they treat it with neglect.
Well, Sally, you may be sure, was sent for in a hurry,
And we killed the old blind cock and setting hen, for in a flurry,
Nothing else could be got, and things went off better
Than might have been expected: but I couldn't write my letter;
And yesterday I was interrupted again, and almost begin to fear
Such repeated trials may injure my temper, but you shall hear.
My husband was out, so I told Sally just to rub
The furniture in the parlor, shake the carpet, and scrub
The floor, and the walls, and the windows, and looking glasses,
And white-wash the hearth, and give a polish to the brasses;
And having given her directions what to do next, I tried
To have things a little quiet and comfortable, so I tied
The oldest child to the bed-post, and to keep
The youngest boy from squalling, made him sleep
With a little paregoric, for I always keep a chest abounding
With valuable medicines, some of my own compounding,
Which nobody but the children will take, though excellent I know,
For if they do not find you sick, they are sure to make you so.
I think it prudent when one's well to be pretty free with physic,
To get well used to nauseous doses against one really is sick.
But my husband won't, says he, "it's best to be cautious,
Besides, my dear, I find your poetry a dose sufficiently nauseous."
Well, as I was saying, I gave the paregoric, and then strove to rally
My scattered thoughts a little, but in vain, for in come Sally,
With Mrs. and Miss Waddle's compliments, who would come to tea—
Oh I wish they were anywhere else,—well, tell her I shall be happy
To see her and her agreeable daughters—a set of tiresome creatures—
How wretchedly they torment me, but I tried to twist my features
Into something like a smile, and of course we had to get
The parlor to rights immediately, but the floor was so wet,
It would have taken half a day to have thoroughly dried it,
So we clapped the carpet on as quick as possible to hide it.
I was quite in a quandary where to begin,
There was everything to do, and no time to do it in;
"Oh," says I, "Sally, never mind the windows, they'll be here in a minute.
Just dust the parlor out, and put the chairs and table in it,
And the silver wants cleaning, and the tea things are dusty,
And the sugar's full of ants, and the tea is a little musty."
We fixed Solomon on the gate-post to keep a look out
For the Waddles, and to let us know, but not to make a rout.
But the goose never saw them till they were close to the place,
And then screamed, "the Waddles! the Waddles!" till he was black in the face.
I was in a violent perspiration, and quite sick and lame,
And had barely time to change my cap before the Waddles came
In the kitchen things were crushed, too, and Sally in a flutter,
For there was not in the whole house a thimble full of butter,
Except the old garlicky lump, and the cat, the poor blind beast,
Had tumbled in the cream-pot, and overset the yeast;
The cream had got so full of hairs, 'twas vain to think of freeing it,
But Sally thought if the room was dark they'd swallow without seeing it,
But the butter really was so bad, it would not do to risk it,
So Solomon went on the old blind colt, full speed for cake and biscuit;
And things went off extremely clever, the Waddles did not seem
To perceive the extraneous substances established in the cream,
Though Mrs. Waddle's fond of it, and took a monstrous quantity,
"For, my dear love," says she, "I always found you never have a scant at tea;"
But when she drank her portion off a frightful cough succeeded—
I must confess I did not feel as much surprised as she did
When all was cleared away, my husband came and found the child
Screaming in the dark at the bed-post, like wild;
For I had been so worried with the tea and the Waddles I forgot to untie him,
And he was so scared and famished 'twas hard to pacify him.
My husband said little, but I saw by his look,
That he supposed I had a novel, or some other instructive book,
Or had been writing a little poetry, for he is not such a noddle
As to think I'd tie the child up on account of Mrs. Waddle;
And now I shall be interrupted immediately, no doubt,
So that to write a letter of any reasonable length is totally out
Of the question, I shall therefore proceed, with all brevity, to say,
In a gentle, kind, and conciliating way,
That we have been annoyed with abundance more than enough
Of your tiresome "Old Ephraim;" such wretched, stupid stuff,
Would wear out the patience of an ass, and I earnestly desire
If you have more of it on hand, you would put it in the fire:
I'd have you know we take the paper, sir, and pay our cash
For something worth perusing, not for trash
So wholly worthless; and in short, I think
Your wisest course is, to give scribbling o'er,
Sell all your paper, throw away your ink,
And tire your neighbors and yourself no more.

ANNA MARIA COUPLET.

A ROMANTIC PAGE FROM HISTORY.

In one of these encounters between the advanced guard of the French and the rear guard of the Austrians, one of the young Amazons, Felicite Fernig, who bore the orders of Dumouriez to the head of his columns, found herself accompanied only with a handful of French Hussars, surrounded by a detachment of the enemy's hulans.—Avoiding with difficulty the sabres around her, she turned her bridle with a group of hussars to rejoin the column, when she perceived a young officer of the Belgian Volunteers who had been thrown from his horse by a shot, defending himself with his saber against the hulans who sought to slay him. Although this officer was unknown to her, Felicite rushed to his succor, killed with two pistol shots two of the hulans, put the others to flight, dismounted from her horse, relieved the wounded man, confided him to her hussars, accompanied him herself to the military hospital, and returned to rejoin her General. This young officer was named Vanderwalen. Left in the hospitals of Brussels after the departure of the French army, he forgot his wounds, but could never forget the heroine he had met with on the field of carnage. The countenance of that female in the dress of a comrade in arms, precipitating herself into the melee to rescue him from death, and leaning afterward over his blood-stained bed in the military hospital, tenaciously kept place in his remembrance.

When Dumouriez had fled to the enemy's lands, and the army had lost all trace of the two young amazons whom it had drawn into its misfortunes and exile, Vanderwalen quitted the military service and travelled through Germany in search of her to whom he owed his life. Long did he traverse in vain the principal towns of the North, without being able to obtain the slightest indication of the family of Fernig. He discovered them at last, refugees in the heart of Denmark. His gratitude ripened into love for the young girl, who had resumed the dress, the graces, and the modesty of her sex. He espoused her, and brought her home to his own country. Theophile, her sister and companion in glory, followed Felicite to Brussels. She died there while yet young, without having been married. She cultivated the arts—was a musician and a poetess, like Vittoria Colonna. She left poems stamped with masculine heroism, feminine sensibility, and worthy of accompanying her name to immortality.

These two sisters, inseparable in life, in death, as upon the field of battle, repose under the same cypress—in a foreign land. Where are their names upon the marble monuments of our triumphal arches? Where are their pictures at Versailles? Where are their statues upon our frontiers, bedewed with their blood?—*A. De Lamartine's Hist. of the Girondists.*

A KENTUCKIAN CLAIMING PRECEDENCE OF A COUNT.

We were shown a letter from a young gentleman, a native of Kentucky, who is now in Rome—the Eternal City—to his friends in this State. He gives a graphic description of his journey from Paris thither, which is worth transcribing. He states that, in the boat in which he travelled on the Rhine, from Lyons to Avignon, he was half famished with hunger. He tried a bribe to the cook, and entreaty to the captain—but neither availed him in obtaining a dinner. After pacing the deck for some time, mentally calling anathemas on the heads of all Frenchmen in general, and the surly boat-captain in particular, whose passenger he was, he hurried down to the cabin, for the purpose of getting a cigar and puffing it, instead of blowing up the captain.—There, to his astonishment, and not without exciting his envy, he found a tallow-faced Russian Count—Count Orloff, discussing a very fine dinner, the obsequious captain standing behind his chair, apparently honored with being permitted to act as his waiter.

"I thought," said the Kentuckian, casting a scowl at the captain, who understood and could speak a little broken English—"I thought you had told me that you did not furnish your passengers with dinners!"

"*Pardonne*, monsieur; dis be not one every body passenger, mine friend; he be one gran' Russian."

"And what if he be?" said the Kentuckian, who was as ardent as a Western sun could make him. "If he be a Count, I'm a Kentuckian; I'd like to know which should rank highest?"

"*Pardonne*, monsieur," said the captain—"you be a Kent—what?—dat be title of one nobleman Anglaise, eh?"

"No," said the Kentuckian, bluntly, "that is the title of an American sovereign!"

"Ah," said the little French captain, shrugging up his shoulders, and bowing down his head—"ah, excusez, monsieur—pardonne. I did not know you be one gran' nobleman; but now I get you dinner, *toute suite*." And in due time the dinner was brought—to which, with the addition of a bottle of sparkling hock, the young Kentuckian did ample justice. He says he has never known so agreeable an instance of the respect which the name inspires abroad as that occasion afforded him.—*Delta.*

TEMPERANCE IN WINE COUNTRIES.

My observations in France as well as in Germany and Italy, (says Durbin, in his "Observations on the History of Europe,") satisfy me that the people in wine-growing countries are much more temperate than in the North of Europe and in America. The common wines which are used on the soil that produces them, do not intoxicate, but nourish, forming a large item, indeed, in the *pabulum* of the peasant. When he goes out to his daily toil, he carries with him a loaf of coarse black bread and a canteen of wine, and these refresh and sustain him; he rarely tastes meat, butter and cheese. This *vin ordinaire* makes a part of his breakfast, of his dinner, and of his evening meal; and costs him, perhaps, two or three cents a bottle, if he purchase it. It is the juice of the grape, not deriving its body or taste from an infusion of spirit and a skillful combination of drugs, as in our country, but from the genial soil and beneficent sun. The truth of what I have here said, is supported by the general remark, that drunkenness is but seldom seen in France; and when it is, it does not proceed from the use of the common wine, which enters so largely into the sustenance of the peasantry and common people, but from brandy and foreign wines, particularly the first, to the allurements of which the hard-worked and closely-confined mechanics, artizans and dense factory populations of the capital and large towns are particularly exposed. I am obliged to believe that the use on the soil of any native wines in any country is conducive to health, cheerfulness and temperance; and I am as equally convinced that all foreign wines are injurious in all these respects. Hence the bad effects of the wines imported and used in England and America.

EUROPEAN KINGS.—When we look at the occupants of the thrones of Europe, we are surprised to find them so inferior in point of talent, attainments and character. When we look at their selfishness, their narrowness of view, and their disregard of the interest of their subject, we are tempted to believe that good Kings, devoted to the welfare of the people, have ever been creatures of imagination, fancies of the historian. Would that the European press could paint the Kings as they are, and say to the people "these be thy Gods, oh, Israel!"—*Cor. N. Y. Commercial.*

For Housekeepers.

JELLIES FOR THE SICK.

TO MAKE PANADA OR BREAD JELLY.—Cut a wheaten roll or loaf into slices, toast them on both sides, and boil in a quart of water, until the whole forms a jelly, adding more water if required; then strain and flavor with one pound of white sugar, four ounces of red wine and one ounce of cinnamon. Very nutritious. It may also be made with broth from which the fat has been skimmed, instead of water.

BISCUIT JELLY.—Take of white biscuit, crushed beneath the rolling pin, four ounces; cold water two quarts; soak for some hours, boil to one-half, strain, evaporate to one pint, and flavor as above. Given in weakness of the stomach, dysentery, and diarrhœa.

RICE JELLY.—Take of rice three spoonfulls; boil in water, add ten sweet and five bitter almonds; and sugar to your liking; make into an emulsion, and flavor with cinnamon or orange flower water to your taste.

ARROW-ROOT JELLY. Take of arrow-root one ounce; rub to a smooth paste with a spoonful or two of cold water; then gradually add boiling water, half a pint, stirring all the while. It may be thinned with more water if desired, and flavored with milk, wine, sugar, and spices, according to the palate of the patient.

SAGO JELLY.—Soak sago in cold water from an hour to an hour and a half; strain and boil in fresh water till it becomes transparent; then add wine, sugar, clear broth, milk, prunes, or spices to flavor. One ounce of sago will make a pint of jelly.

TAPIOCA JELLY.—First soak, strain and boil the tapioca, as directed above for sago; then flavor with lemon juice and peel, wine, prunes, raisins and spices. One ounce of tapioca will make a pint of jelly.

Note.—The flavoring of any of the above-named jellies may be omitted or varied with the advice of a physician.—*American Agriculturist.*

TO PICKLE PEPPERS.—Take green peppers, take the seeds out carefully so as not to mangle them, soak them nine days in salt and water, changing it every day, and keep them in a warm place. Stuff them with chopped cabbage, seasoned with cloves, cinnamon and mace; put them in cold spiced vinegar.

Agricultural.

WHEAT.

PUTTING IN THE SEED.—We believe that the best plan to sow wheat, is by the *drilling machine*. By this method greater regularity is attained in the distribution of the seed, a great saving of seed is effected, a considerable gain in product obtained, less liability to winter-killing secured, while the chances of exemption, to some extent, against the rust, by the free circulation of air through the drills, are increased. If, however, the drill should not be used, and the seed plough should, the wheat should not be buried more than from two to three inches at farthest. If the cultivator be used, the depth would be regulated by the depth of its tines, but whether the plough, cultivator or harrow, be used, the ground must be rolled with a heavy roller, so as to bring the soil into immediate contact with the seed, and effect a smooth surface.—Should any one contemplate manuring his ground with bone-earth, we would suggest that ten bushels per acre will be enough, but that its activity would be increased, by mixing ten bushels of ashes, per acre, with it. Sow broadcast; harrow and roll.

WATER FURROWS.—The wheat in, lay off water, furrows, and run the roller cross-wise over them.

PREPARATION OF THE SEED.—Wash the seed wheat in clean water, until the water ceases to be discolored, then *soak it in a brine made of salt*, strong enough to float an egg, for twelve hours.—When you want to sow, drain the brine from off the wheat, lay the wheat on a floor, and add as much freshly slacked lime to it as will coat every grain; this can be effectually done, by letting one hand apply the lime while another is shovelling over the wheat. Take no more out of the brine any one day than can be put in during the day.—This process will destroy the *smut* if your seed is thus affected, and secure to your crop an exemption from that loathsome disease. This soaking process will produce other good effects; it will encourage early germination, push forward the growth of the plants at the onset, and enable them to send forth their roots earlier than otherwise, and thereby get a foothold in the earth before the setting in of hard frosts; all objects of moment.

In connection with the subject of soaks, it is but proper to remark that various other substances have been recommended, as, solutions of *arsenic*, solutions of *copperas*, solutions of *blue vitriol*, stale chamber-ley, solutions of lime, and ley of wood ashes, but as we have tried the one we recommend, and as it is simple and effective, we prefer it to any other.

SELECTION OF SEED.—Care should be observed in selecting your seed wheat; it should be of a good variety, free from the seeds of weeds of every description.

QUANTITY OF SEED PER ACRE.—If sown broadcast less than two bushels per acre should not be sown; if sowed in rows with a drill, five pecks will answer, a saving to be appreciated where a man has a large field to sow, which, when added to the advantages which are said to enure to the drilling over the broad-casting system, should operate strongly with all the well judging minds who estimate properly all that tends to enlightened economy; for if more grain can be grown with less seed—with a saving of three in every eight pecks, none can hesitate long in determining on which side his interest lies.—*American Farmer.*

WARTS ON HORSES.

MR. EDITOR:—In the Cultivator of Sept. 15th, I noticed a communication of G. Powers, wishing to be informed of something that would cure the warts upon his horse, as also your remarks thereon; and would say to him, that by the application of spirits of turpentine, the warts will be entirely removed. I have a mare which, one year ago, had her nose completely covered with warts, and by the application of turpentine three or four times, they were removed. I have since tried it on cattle, and find it equally as good as on horses. When it is used to remove warts from cows teats, it is best to apply it when they are dry; and to heifers, before they "come in." It is easily obtained, easy of application, and sure of its effects. Try it, friends.—*Cor. Boston Cultivator.*

SWEET POTATOES FROM THE SEED.—A writer in the last number of Skinner's Agricultural Journal, gives the following, as his method of raising sweet potatoes, and says, that after satisfactory practice, he prefers it to any other. He has tried the experiment for three years, and his potatoes have been much superior to those raised in the usual way. The mode is, at least, a new one:—

"The yam potato vine blooms in August; in about a month thereafter they form a pod; the seed are then formed of about the size of sage seed, and of the same color. The pod should be noticed and gathered when ripe, or else they will soon drop. In the Spring, at the usual time of sowing seeds, I sow them in the same way I sow cabbage seed. They will not come up quite as soon, but will continue doing so through the Spring. The plant is small and delicate in appearance, and should be drawn in a wet season, with a little dirt attached to it, and transplanted. The leaf and vine have a different appearance from the potato usually, and the potato will be found to grow larger and smoother than usual."

HILLS AGAINST LEVEL LANDS.—A correspondent of the Gardener's Chronicle says:—"In a lecture on land surveying by a French Professor of mathematics, at the college at Blois, the lecturer informed his audience that in the purchase of hilly or uneven land, its extent is estimated or measured, not according to the area of its surface, but according to the area of its horizontal base; because, he added, 'it is a well known fact in agriculture, that no more can be grown on a hill or slope, than on a horizontal piece of land equal to its base.' Now, as this 'well-known fact' is not only not well known, but even strongly, though in my opinion absurdly, disputed amongst many of our Yorkshire farmers, perhaps you will be kind enough to give it publicity in your next number. Perhaps of musa and other low or creeping plants, a greater crop may be grown on a slope than on a horizontal piece of land equal to its base; but with regard to vertically growing plants such as hay-grass, corn or trees, it appears to me the French professor was perfectly correct."

SWELLING IN THE THROAT OF HOGS.—A correspondent in the Farmer's Register, gives the following as a cure for swelling in the throat of hogs: he says, "My hogs were affected with this disease during the past year, and I found this recipe to be effective when all things else failed."

Take of molasses one half a pint, and a table-spoonful of hog's lard; to this add of brimstone a piece an inch in length. Melt it over the fire, and when cold or in a liquid state, drench the hog with it; and nine times out of ten it will be found to have the desired effect.

DOMESTIC PINE APPLES.—The National Intelligencer states that on Saturday in the Washington Centre Market, Mr. Hewlett, of that city, gardener and florist, exhibited a number of pine apples of his own raising, from the crowns of the foreign fruit which were thrown into the street and picked up there about a year ago.

PEA-NUTS.—Mr. Asher Shepard, of this town, has sent us a sample of peanuts, attached to the stalk, which were cultivated by him in his garden. The stalk is about fourteen inches high, and the nuts grow in the ground somewhat similar to potatoes.—*Northampton Courier.*

The Olio.

THE BEAUTIFUL TOTAL ABSTINENCE BOYS.—Ancient history tells us of four boys, of great beauty and intelligence, that were carried captives from their native country and presented to the king, a mighty monarch, to stand before him as his most honored servants. These favored youths were provided with every means which the court of this great monarch could furnish for making them skillful in all wisdom, cunning in knowledge and understanding science, beautiful in person and accomplished in manners. The richest fruits and most delicious wines were given to nourish them. But they were lads of greater wisdom than even those persons who were set to perfect and polish them. And when the wine was brought them to drink, they decided among themselves, "none for us." It is not said that they signed a pledge, but they formed a total abstinence society, and it was impossible for those who were set over them to break their rank. "If you pine away," said they, "we shall endanger our heads to the king."—"But," said the boys, "give us WATER to drink ten days, and then if our countenances look not better than the countenances of those who drink wine, deal with us as you see fit." The experiment was eminently successful. Their countenances were fairer than all the children who partook of the king's delicacies.

For the character of these youths when they became men, look into your Bible, in the book of Daniel.—*Bombay Temperance Advocate.*

"NATURE IS THE KINDEST MOTHER STILL."—How strange and how happy is the effect of even the most transient intercourse with nature upon a heart wounded and erring, and yet desirous of good! How it soothes agitation and softens pain, and creates life afresh, and in a nobler mould! This work is done not merely by gorgeous skies of lovely moonlight, by bright waters looking up like children into the solemn faces of mountains, or sleeping under the shadowy guardianship of over-hanging woods, by the glory and the beauty of earth: it is done likewise by her simplest and quietest pictures, by her cheapest and most unpretending gifts. The sight of one dark-leaved tree rocking slowly against a dim heaven, the mere aspect of one green field, is often enough to change and subdue the whole course of thought. It is not, perhaps, because these creations are fresh and unmarred from God's hands that they so speedily affect us; because in this they transcend man, in whom there is so much of personal and of evil, that the workmanship of God is, as it were, disguised, and only to be discovered by careful search. The blade of grass which we pluck is what its Creator intended it to be; who shall dare say so much as this of himself, or of any other?

ENTERTAINING STRANGERS.—Man does not live by bread alone, and how few travellers are there, who have not sighed over the neglect of so venerable a truth, when they have found, in their journeyings to and fro, that a letter of introduction is generally held to be a bill of exchange, which is paid, in full, by a dinner. When our new acquaintance, too busy to see us himself, has sent us his invitation, how often have we wished, in despair at his sad civility, that he had sent us his servant, his carriage, even his horse, in its stead. A wise man, as well as witty, was Theodore Hook, when he told the alderman who had already surfeited him, and yet pressed him to partake of still another course—"I thank you, but if it's the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

I cannot but applaud that custom, in regard to the reception of strangers, which puts the poor host and the rich on a level; enabling the one to do all, in the way of civility, that can properly be expected of the other. Not the least of its advantages is the relief to the guest himself, who is saved the unpleasant reflection that he has, perchance, been a burden to an amiable man, who could ill afford, or a bore to a wealthy one, who feasted him to be rid of him.

THE POET MOORE.—He is the most magnificent trifler that ever versified. Nothing can be finer than his sarcasm, nothing more brilliant than his fancy, nothing more softly voluptuous than his sentiment. But he possesses no depth of imagination, no grandeur of thought, no clear vision of purity and holiness. He has neither loftiness nor comprehension. Those who claim for him a place among the immortals, are most generally girls who thrumb pianos, and who are conquered by the "dazzling fence" of his rhetoric, and the lightning-like rapidity with which he scatters fancies one upon another. He blinds the eye with diamond dust, and lulls the ear with the singing sweetness of his versification. Much of his sentiment, which fair throats warble so melodiously, is merely idealized lust. The pitch of his thought and feeling is not high. The impression gained from his works is most assuredly that of a man variously gifted by nature, adroit, ingenious, subtile, versatile, "forgetive"—a most remarkable man, but not a great poet. Nothing about his works "wears the aspect of eternity."—*Edwin P. Whipple.*

WONDERFUL CURES.—The wonderful recoveries from Cholera by the "cure all" gentlemen, reminds us of a conversation between two physicians, who accidentally met in the street. After the usual salutation, Dr. J——— inquired of Dr. R———, if he had attended many cases of the prevailing epidemic?

"At least one hundred a day," promptly replied Dr. R———.

"One hundred a day!" exclaimed Dr. J———, "Why, doctor, how long does it take you, on an average, to visit a patient?"

"About half-an-hour," was the reply.

"Then," said Dr. J———, "your days are much longer than mine. Good morning, sir."—*N. Y. Era.*

FALSE STEPS.—The famous Marshal Turenne, who was a good man, as well as a great General, was accustomed to say he was not more obliged to any of his friends than to one who had given him, at his first setting out in life, the following advice:—"When you have made a false step, spend not a moment in vexing yourself and moaning over it, but consider how it may be best repaired, and instantly set about it."

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 4, 19, 13, 23, a celebrated [illegible] naturalist.
My 9, 11, 12, 10, a Quaker noted for his just and upright dealings with the Indians.
My 18, 2, 8, 11, an English poet of great celebrity.
My 6, 17, 8, 3, 11, 20, the inventor of Logarithms, and improver of spherical trigonometry.
My 20, 7, 11, 11, 13, 22, 23, a German satirist, who never allowed himself to indulge in personalities, but chastised folly in general.
My 8, 20, 7, 23, 3, a celebrated Greek philosopher.
My 11, 8, 21, 11, a Frenchman raised for his philanthropic exertions in promoting the means for educating the deaf and dumb.
My 3, 21, 10, 5, 2, 16, a distinguished English Naval officer.
My 1, 20, 11, 3, 22, an Empress of Constantinople, alike famous for her talent, beauty and crimes.
My 15, 15, 16, 9, a noted traveller of the thirteenth century.
My 13, 11, 20, 13, an Emperor of Rome.
My 21, 3, 7, 11, 14, 4, 7, 5, the father of ecclesiastical history.
My 5, 10, 14, 7, 16, 23, a distinguished naturalist and founder of the British Museum.
My 2, 20, 22, 21, 6, 13, a celebrated commander under Cromwell, and Lord Deputy of Ireland.
My 5, 8, 10, 12, 16, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.
My 11, 3, 16, 21, 20, a famous mathematician.
My 3, 11, 11, 17, 3, 21, 3, 7, 17, a noted King of Portugal.
My 22, 13, 16, 4, 3, 3, a distinguished Latin Poet, who flourished in the early days of the Roman Republic.
My 3, 10, 20, 11, 9, a painter of Florence, who gained much celebrity by the sweetness and force of his coloring.
My whole is the name of a ruler in Europe.

PERCIVAL.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 10, 3, 18, is what some persons dislike to have sent to them.
My 2, 13, 6, is a favorite drink in England.
My 3, 10, 9, is what every housekeeper uses.
My 4, 11, 10, 11, 12, is what every traveller has need of.
My 5, 13, 2, 8, is found on every tree.
My 6, 12, 3, 10, 11, is a female's name.
My 7, 15, is a word often used when women are frightened.
My 8, 2, 11, is an article of lady's use in summer.
My 9, 13, 2, 10, is what young ladies like to have of an evening.
My 10, 11, 16, 4, is a term used in arithmetic.
My 11, 12, 3, is used in rowing.
My 12, 10, 4, 3, 6, 11, is what most little girls are fond of.
My 13, 2, 14, is a part of the human body.
My 14, 10, 9, is also a part of the human body.
My 15, 3, 3, 14, is the name of a celebrated giant.
My 16, 11, 12, is what every author uses.
My 17, 4, 1, 7, 10, 11, is what every poor man must do to get along.
My 18, 3, 11, 3, is an institution of the Catholic Church.
My whole is a celebrated battle during the Revolution.

J. D. P.

CHARADE.

My first will apply, when a subject begins;
My second's a part of the Siamese Twins;
My third was in being ere Adam was made,
My fourth is produced by a murderous trade;
My whole and my fourth are so nearly the same,
That my whole never saw but my fourth is to blame.

J. G.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

What will be the solidity of the greatest cube which I can cut from a spherical rock, 12 feet in diameter?

H. E. WILSON.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why must Shakspeare have more lives than a cat?
Ans.—He is murdered at every theatre.

☞ Over what heavenly and earthly thing does a rainy day exercise the same influence?
Ans.—The sun and your boots, for it takes the shine out of both.

☞ What illustrates most simply and beautifully the ingress, progress, and egress of life?
Ans.—Snow. Because in its ingress it is pure, its progress is precarious, and its egress is almost unnoticed.

☞ Why should lawyers be classed as members of the feminine gender?
Ans.—Because they are *for males*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
Michael Ney, Marshal of France.
Commodore John Paul Jones.
RIDDLE.—Tree.
PROBLEM.—60 is my age.

Varieties.

MARY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The graceful and the beautiful,
The gentle, kind, and airy,
Together met, to mould the form,
And gift the mind of Mary:
There's nature in each careless curl,
In every grace a moral;
Her mouth—'tis Cupid's mouth—sweet girl,
And full of pearls and coral!

She's like the key-stone to an arch
That consummates all beauty;
She's like the music to a march,
Which sheds a joy on duty!
All happy thoughts and feelings rife
Seem evermore to guide her;
The very ills and cares of life
Forget themselves beside her!

Each sweet expressive glance appears
Of nature's best selection:
It took the world six thousand years
To perfect such perfection!
All gifts divine that could combine,
All charms of nymph or fairy,
Agreed to grace one beauteous face,
And watch the world with Mary!

She speeds as if with wings, so fleet
No birds could e'er surpass them,
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
Though 'tis believed she has them!
She lends a spell to every scene,
Her step makes winter vernal;
A something half divine, between
The earthly and eternal!

THE TURN OF LIFE.

From forty to sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered as in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given his judgment the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence to the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence: the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters also are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant—a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength—whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigor until night has entirely set.—*Science of Life.*

YANKEE TRICK.—During the Revolutionary War, two brothers, from one of the Eastern ports, were commanders of privateers; they cruised together, and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy, and making money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the Eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel, having the appearance of a merchantman, and made toward her, but, to their astonishment, found her to be a frigate in disguise. A very high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions. One could only be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly upon him. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to stratagem. On a sudden he hauled down every sail, and all hands were employed with setting poles, as if shoving his vessel off a bank. The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee to make himself scarce, as soon as night rendered it prudent for him to hoist sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep.

FASCINATION OF DANGER.—At the siege of Gibraltar, Lieutenant Lowe, of the 12th Regiment, a superintendent of the working parties, lost his leg by a shot on the slope of the hill under the castle. He saw the shot before the fatal effect, but was fascinated to the spot. This sudden arrest of the faculties was not uncommon. Several instances occurred to my own observation, where men totally free have had their senses so engaged by a shell in its descent, that though sensible of their danger, even so far as to cry for assistance, they have been immediately fixed to the place. But what is more remarkable, these men have so instantaneously recovered themselves on its fall to the ground, as to remove to a place of safety before the shell burst.—*Drinkwater.*

Advertisements.

DR. CULLEN'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACEA.—ROWAND & WALTON invite attention to the following advertisement.

DR. CULLEN EVER VICTORIOUS!

As a proof of the continued success of DR. CULLEN'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PANACEA, we quote a few of the many certificates in our possession, of cures performed by this great purifier.

Capt. T. L. Sanders, constable of South Mulberry Ward, cured of Barber's Itch.

Mr. J. P. Rowe's child, No. 83 North Seventh street, cured of hereditary Tetter, which covered his entire body.

Mr. H. W. Maxwell, Grape court, Market street above Eighth, cured of Scrofula, and fourteen open ulcers upon his body at the time he commenced taking the medicine.

Miss Christiana Sands, West Spruce street, between Beach and Willow streets, near the Schuylkill, cured of Scrofula; had suffered eight years; her head was so much affected that tea and coffee would pass out at her ear—this is a strong case.

Capt. John K. Barclay, No. 290 Market street, cured of Scrofulous Sore Leg, of 35 years' standing. The case is well known to many of our best physicians who have frequently advised amputation.

Mr. Isaac Brooks, Jr., No. 5 Jefferson, West of Schuylkill Sixth street, below Locust. This was, undoubtedly, one of the most severe cases of Scrofula ever cured, and is certified to by many of our best physicians and clergymen, and also by himself.

Joseph Barbour, No. 1 Short court, East from Twelfth street, above Race, cured of Scrofulous Sore Throat of eight years' standing.

Mr. J. H. Frank's child, No. 73½ Dock street, Philadelphia.

Mr. Michael Duffy, 44 South Front street, (at P. Brady & Co.'s,) Philadelphia, cured of Tetter of 21 years.

Mr. Wm. Flemming, No. 210 Washington street, between Eighth and Ninth, Philadelphia, cured of Erysipelas of four years', which destroyed the flesh to the bone.

William Barker, cured of Scrofula. This case had been in the hospital many months, and discharged as incurable—he is now well, and may be seen daily at our office.

Mr. David Kirgan, Muddy creek, Hamilton county, Ohio, cured of Scrofula. This was a very severe case, and Kirgan says that could money prevent, he would not undergo the same affliction for ten thousand dollars, and yet he was cured for a few dollars, by Dr. Cullen's Indian Vegetable Panacea.

Mr. John W. Hazleton, of Mullica Hill, New Jersey, cured of Tetter, of ten years' standing, with a few bottles of the Panacea.

Mr. John Brocken, of Germantown, at the age of 81 years, was cured of a violent Tetter that had troubled him for 18 years.

Mrs. Eve Siscoe, No. 51 South street, between Third and Fourth, from Schuylkill, cured of fever sores on her ankles, after suffering 13 years with them. Mrs. S. is 61 years of age.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Foster, Second street, four doors above Washington street, was cured of Tetter on her leg, which had troubled her 14 years.

Mr. Charles Otis, late of Parrish street, now of Manayunk, cured of Tetter of 3 years, in hands and feet.

Mr. Melton Grubb, Juniper street, near Spruce, cured of Scrofulous Ulcers on the shoulders, which had defied the doctors more than a year.

Mr. Hiram Ridge, Attleboro', Bucks co., Pa., cured of Salt Rheum. This case had been pronounced incurable by some 12 or 14 physicians of the first standing—as a last resort had recourse to Cullen's Panacea, and was cured completely in a few months, after suffering 17 years—the disease had almost covered his entire person.

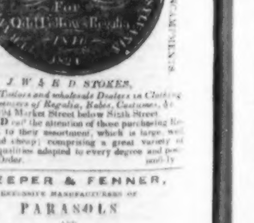
Henry Reeves, of Bridgeton, cured of the worst case of Scrofula ever seen in New Jersey, by 21 bottles.

Thomas Wainwright, of Manayunk, cured of Scald Head; the disease extended over the whole scalp and it was an entire mass of corruption; and yet one bottle of the Panacea cured him.

We might add case after case, ad infinitum; but we think it unnecessary; presuming the afflicted will need more evidence than we can give in an advertisement; we again ask them to send to our office and get the certificates from which you will learn the extraordinary sufferings of these persons, as well as the much care. ROWAND & WALTON, Proprietors,
oct6-ly No. 21 North Sixth street, Philada.

I. O. O. F.

MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS REGALIA



FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and wholesale Dealers in Clothing Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c.
No. 194 Market Street below Sixth Street.

WOULD call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan6-ly

SLEEPER & FENNER,
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF
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AND
UMBRELLAS,
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